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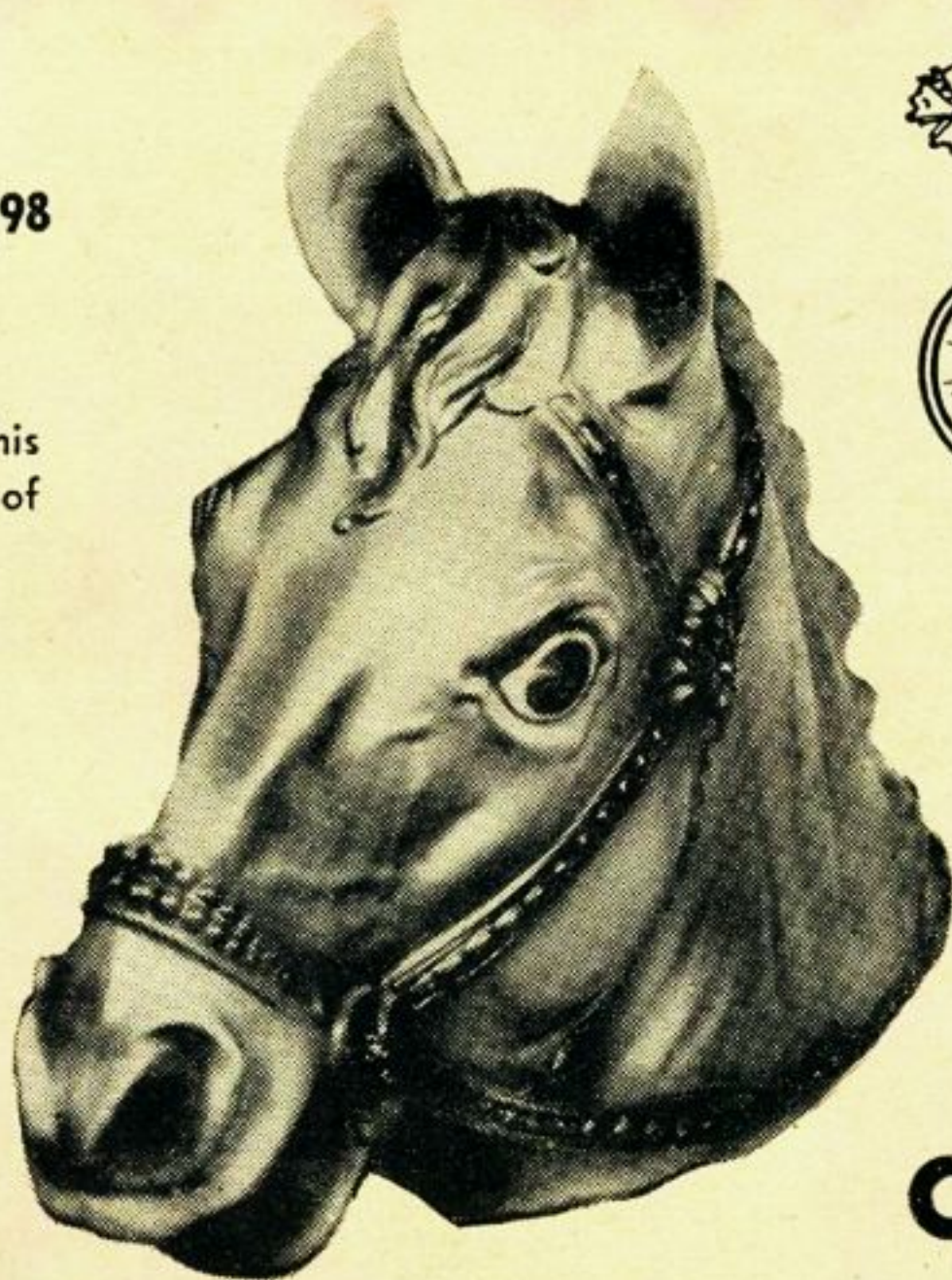
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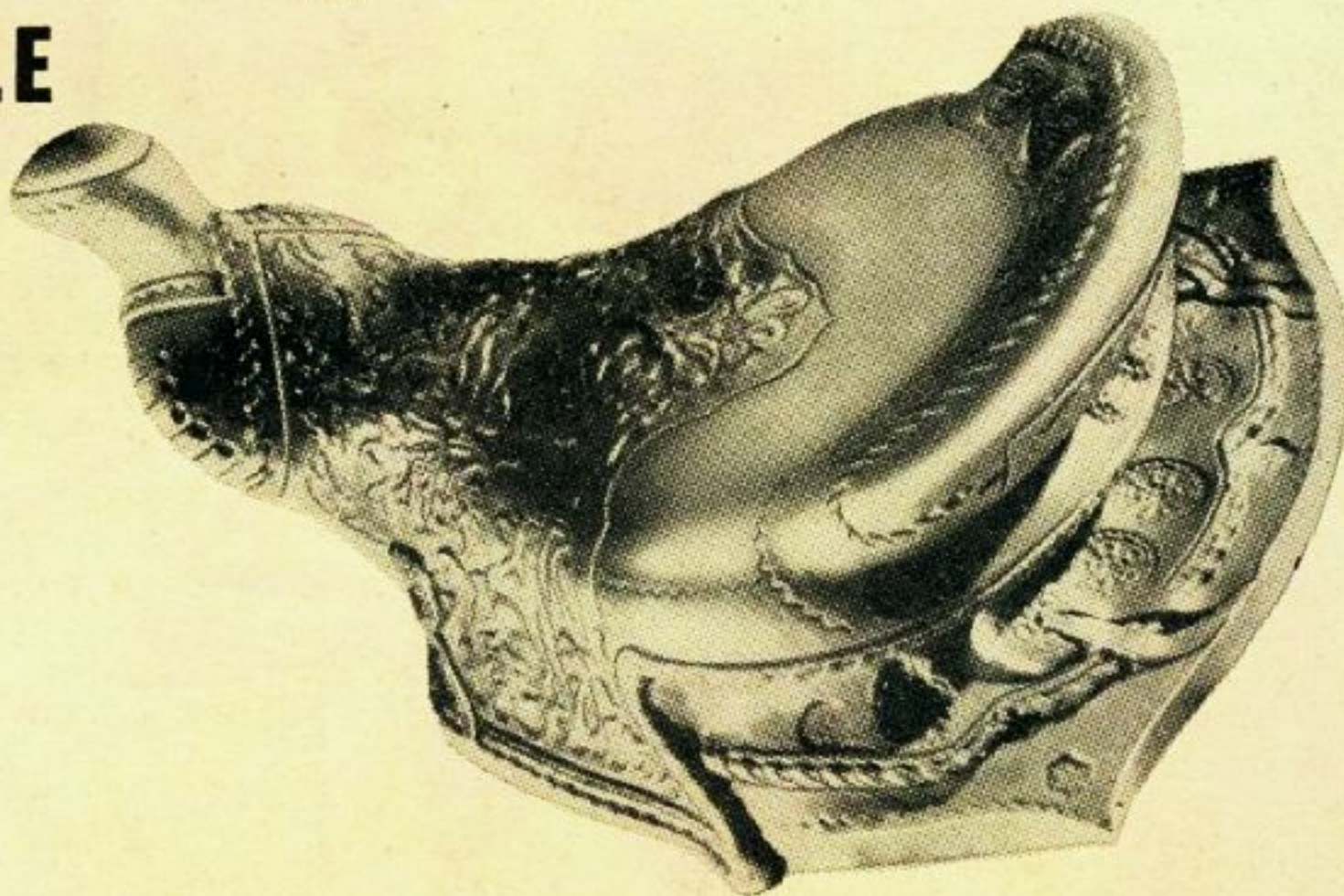


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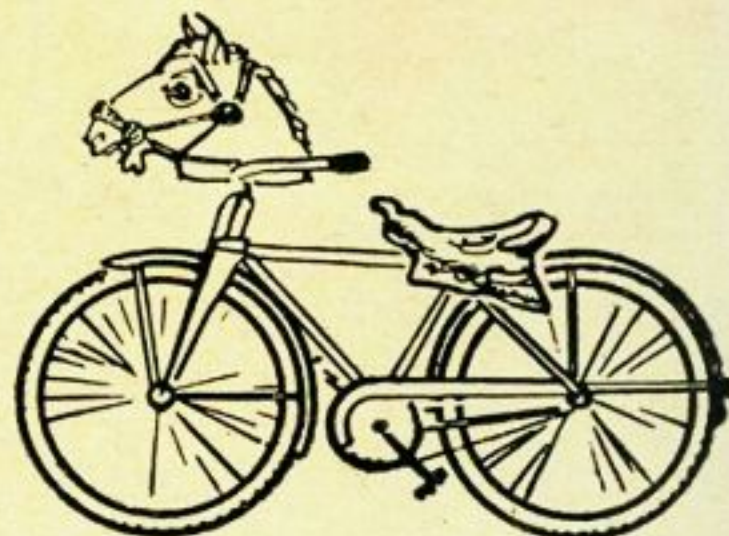


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Robin Hood

Moscow
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THAT
FACE!

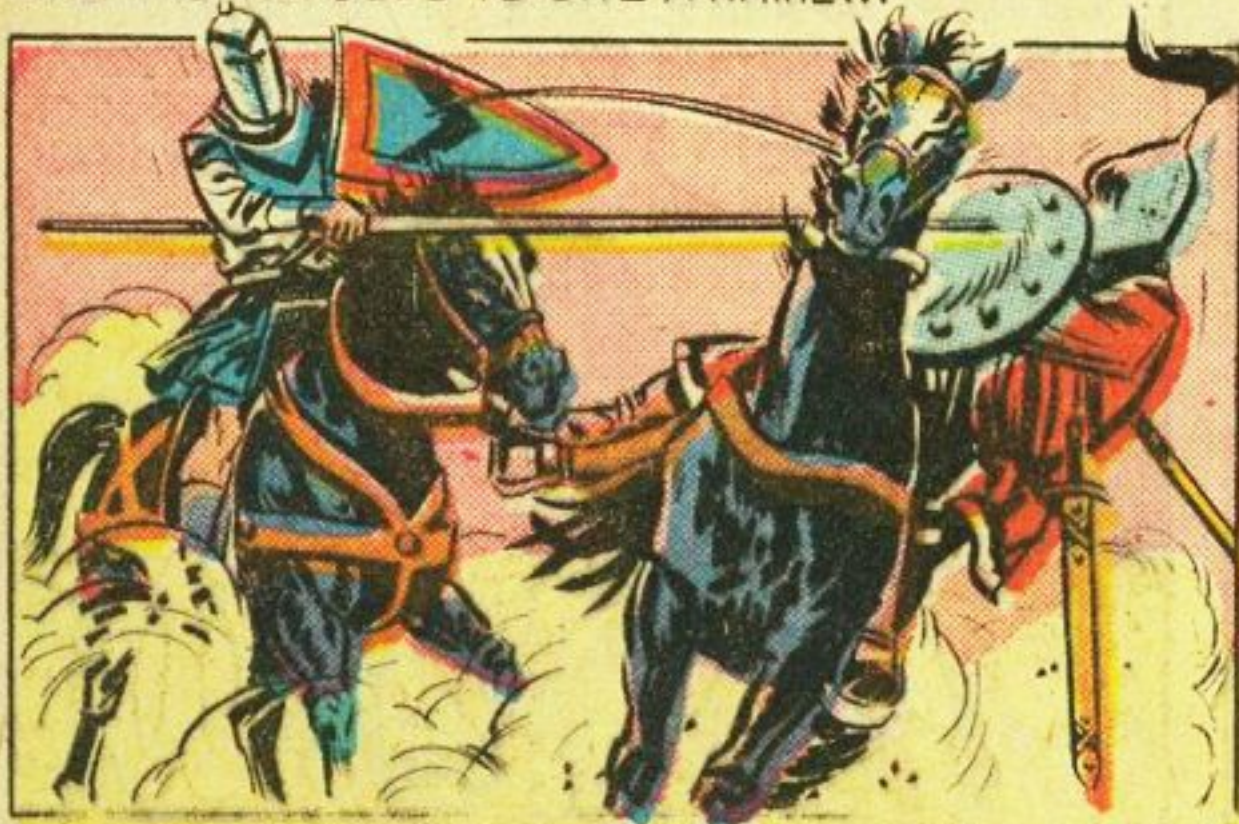
HE RIDES THROUGH THE FOREST LANES MASKED AND VIZORED, THIS KNIGHT WITHOUT A NAME. IT IS ALMOST AS IF HE HAS NO FACE, AS WELL. FOR DANGER THREATENS WHERE HE RIDES—DANGER TO **ROBIN HOOD!** DANGER TO THE MERRY MEN! WHAT IS THE STRANGE, DREAD SECRET THIS MAN WOULD HIDE? WHAT WILL BE REVEALED WHEN HE LIFTS HIS HELMET TO EXPOSE THE FACE OF—

THE NAMELESS KNIGHT

AIE! NOW YOU
KNOW WHY I NEVER
LET ANYONE SEE IT,
AND WHY I HAVE
NO NAME!



PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER HOLDS A JOUST AT WINDSOR. FOREMOST AMONG THE KNIGHTS IS ONE WHO REFUSES TO GIVE A NAME...



LET ME HELP YOU
DOFF YOUR HELMET,
MILORD, IN BETWEEN
TILTS!

TOUCH ME NOT! NO
MAN MAY SEE MY
FACE OR HEAR
MY NAME!



A MAN WHISPERS HOARSELY TO PRINCE JOHN, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THE TOURNEY WITH LISTLESS BOREDOM—



WHO IS THIS MAN, SIRE? WHY DOES HE NOT REVEAL HIS FACE OR NAME? I FEAR TREACHERY!

PERHAPS THE MAN'S A FELON KNIGHT OR KNAVE. SUMMON HIM BEFORE ME!



SIR NO-NAME, BEHOLD THE PURSE OF GOLD AND GOLDEN WREATH YOU HAVE WON THIS DAY. STILL, UNLESS YOU GIVE US YOUR NAME AND SHOW US YOUR FACE—I WILL HAVE YOU SENT TO MY PALACE DUNGEONS.

SO BE IT!



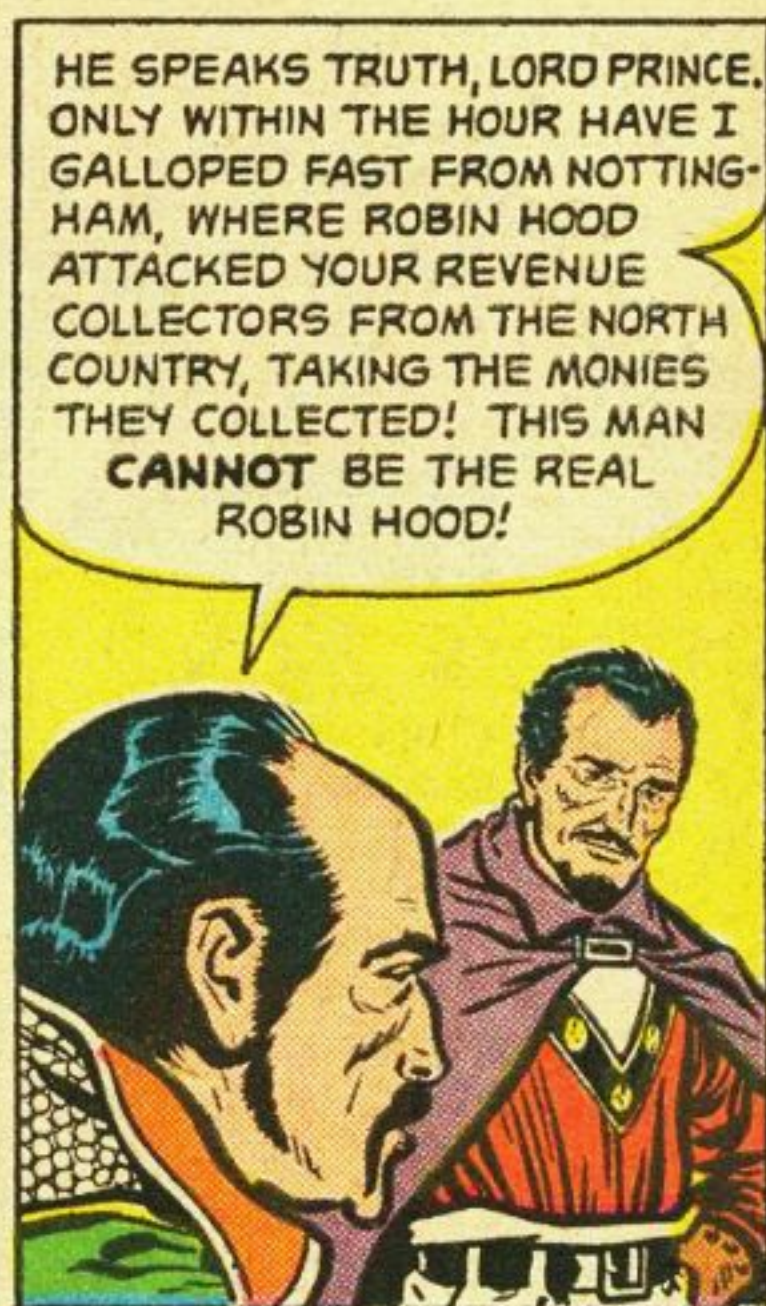
BEHOLD MY FACE—AND KNOW THE CURSE WHICH A SCURVY FATE HAS PLAYED ON ME!



'TIS **ROBIN HOOD!**

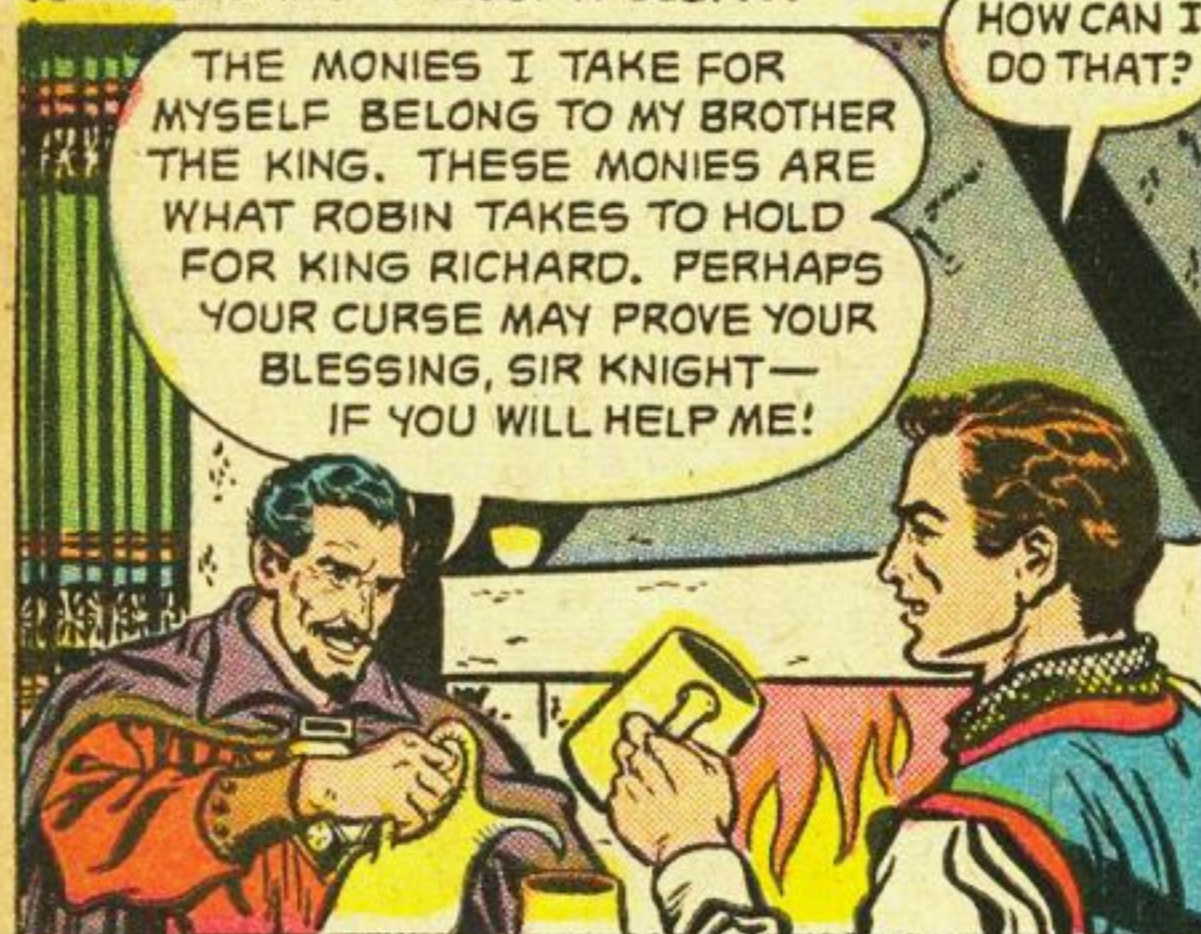
I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE!

OH, NO! I AM NOT ROBIN HOOD! I ONLY LOOK LIKE HIM! YOU SEE NOW WHY I GIVE NO NAME ...TO PROTECT MY FAMILY FROM THE MEN WHO ARE ROBIN HOOD'S ENEMIES!



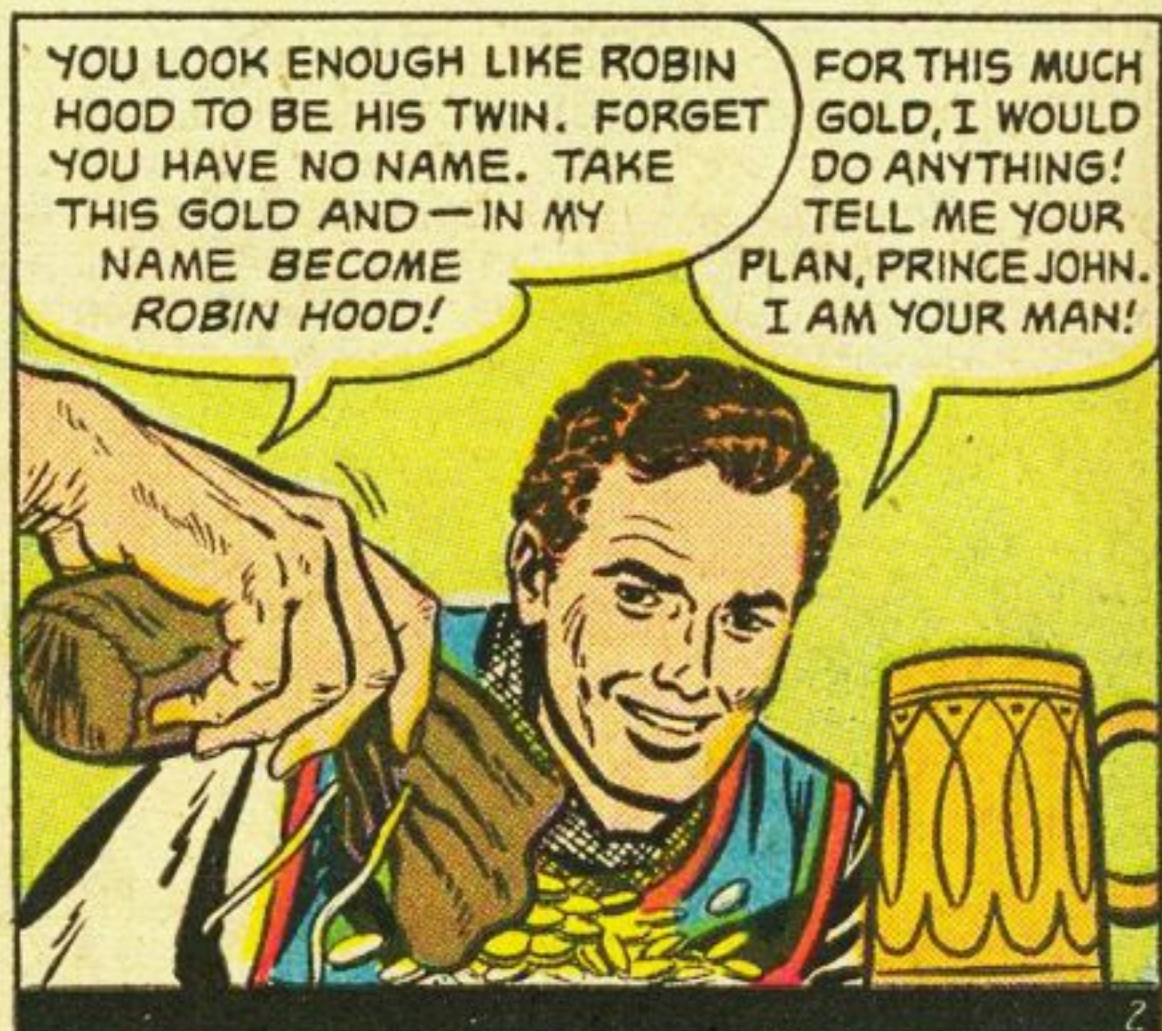
HE SPEAKS TRUTH, LORD PRINCE. ONLY WITHIN THE HOUR HAVE I GALLOPED FAST FROM NOTTINGHAM, WHERE ROBIN HOOD ATTACKED YOUR REVENUE COLLECTORS FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY, TAKING THE MONIES THEY COLLECTED! THIS MAN **CANNOT** BE THE REAL ROBIN HOOD!

THAT NIGHT BEFORE A GLOWING FIRE, PRINCE JOHN SPEAKS THOUGHTFULLY...



THE MONIES I TAKE FOR MYSELF BELONG TO MY BROTHER THE KING. THESE MONIES ARE WHAT ROBIN TAKES TO HOLD FOR KING RICHARD. PERHAPS YOUR CURSE MAY PROVE YOUR BLESSING, SIR KNIGHT—IF YOU WILL HELP ME!

HOW CAN I DO THAT?



YOU LOOK ENOUGH LIKE ROBIN HOOD TO BE HIS TWIN. FORGET YOU HAVE NO NAME. TAKE THIS GOLD AND—IN MY NAME **BECOME ROBIN HOOD!**

FOR THIS MUCH GOLD, I WOULD DO ANYTHING! TELL ME YOUR PLAN, PRINCE JOHN. I AM YOUR MAN!

SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE SUNNY GLADES OF SHERWOOD FOREST—



HOLD, SIR KNIGHT!

WHAT SEEK YOU IN SHERWOOD FOREST?

I SEEK ITS MASTER—ROBIN HOOD!



I AM UNDER A VOW TO WEAR A MASK ON MY FACE FOR A YEAR, ROBIN. YET, IF YOU WILL HAVE ME, I ALSO VOWED TO SERVE WITH YOU AGAINST ALL TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION!

GOOD MAN. LOOSEN YOUR ARMOR AND DON FORESTER CLOTHES! YOU'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE!

SOON SIR NAMELESS IS A TRUSTED MEMBER OF THE BAND—

TAKE HOLD OF THAT SACK AND COME WITH LITTLE JOHN AND ME!



BY SECRET PATHS AND BYWAYS, THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST LEADS THE WAY TO A LARGE DRY CAVE—

BY THE ROOD! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SO MUCH GOLD, SO MANY PRECIOUS STONES!



GOLD! SILVER! RUBIES! EMERALDS! THERE MUST BE THE WEALTH OF A KINGDOM HERE!

THIS IS THE WEALTH OF A KINGDOM! ALL THIS BELONGS TO ENGLAND AND KING RICHARD. IT IS LOOT PRINCE JOHN WOULD TAKE FOR HIS OWN, EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT I TAKE IT FIRST AND HOLD IT FOR THE RIGHTFUL OWNER!



FOR YEARS I HAVE SERVED KING RICHARD. PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER AND HIS FELON KNIGHTS WOULD BETRAY OUR KING BY THEIR BASE ACTS. I HOLD ALL THIS TREASURE NOT FOR MYSELF BUT FOR KING RICHARD. THE DAY HE RETURNS TO ENGLAND, I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM.



THAT NIGHT, NEAR AN ABANDONED CHARCOAL BURNER'S HUT...



ROBIN HOOD WILL NOT HOLD HIS TREASURE MUCH LONGER. I MYSELF WILL TAKE IT—AFTER I BETRAY HIM INTO PRINCE JOHN'S HANDS!

IN HIS LONDON PALACE AT DAWN—



SO ROBIN PLANS TO RAID MY HIGHWAY TAX COLLECTORS, DOES HE? MY MEN AND I WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO THAT!

AT THAT MOMENT, ROBIN HOOD IS LAYING HIS PLAN—



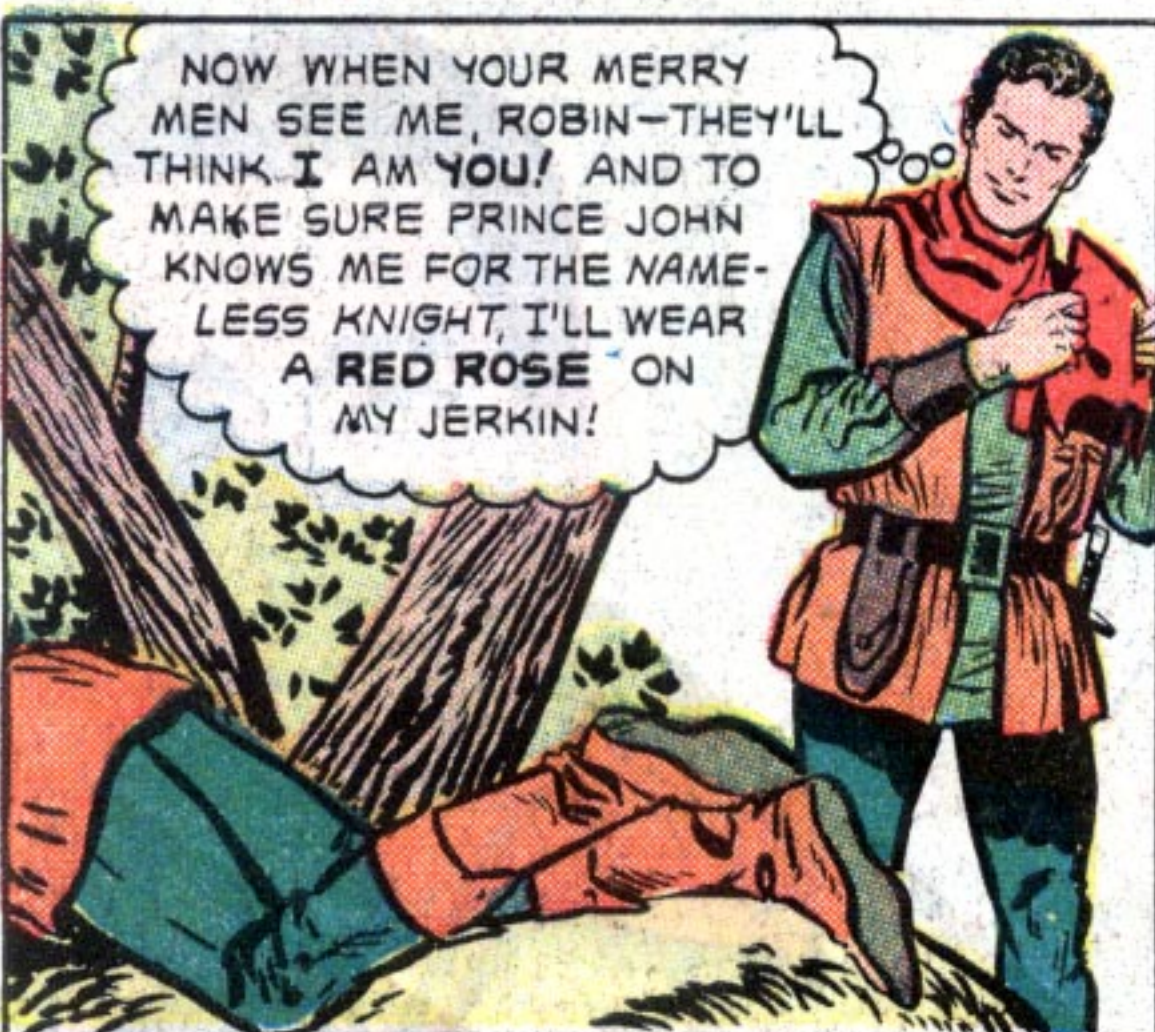
WE'LL GO BY TWOS AND THREES IN THE FOREST AND RENDEZVOUS AT THE LIGHTNING-BLASTED OAK. AS THE TAX COLLECTORS PASS, WE'LL ATTACK!



THIS COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER IF I'D PLANNED IT THIS WAY MYSELF!

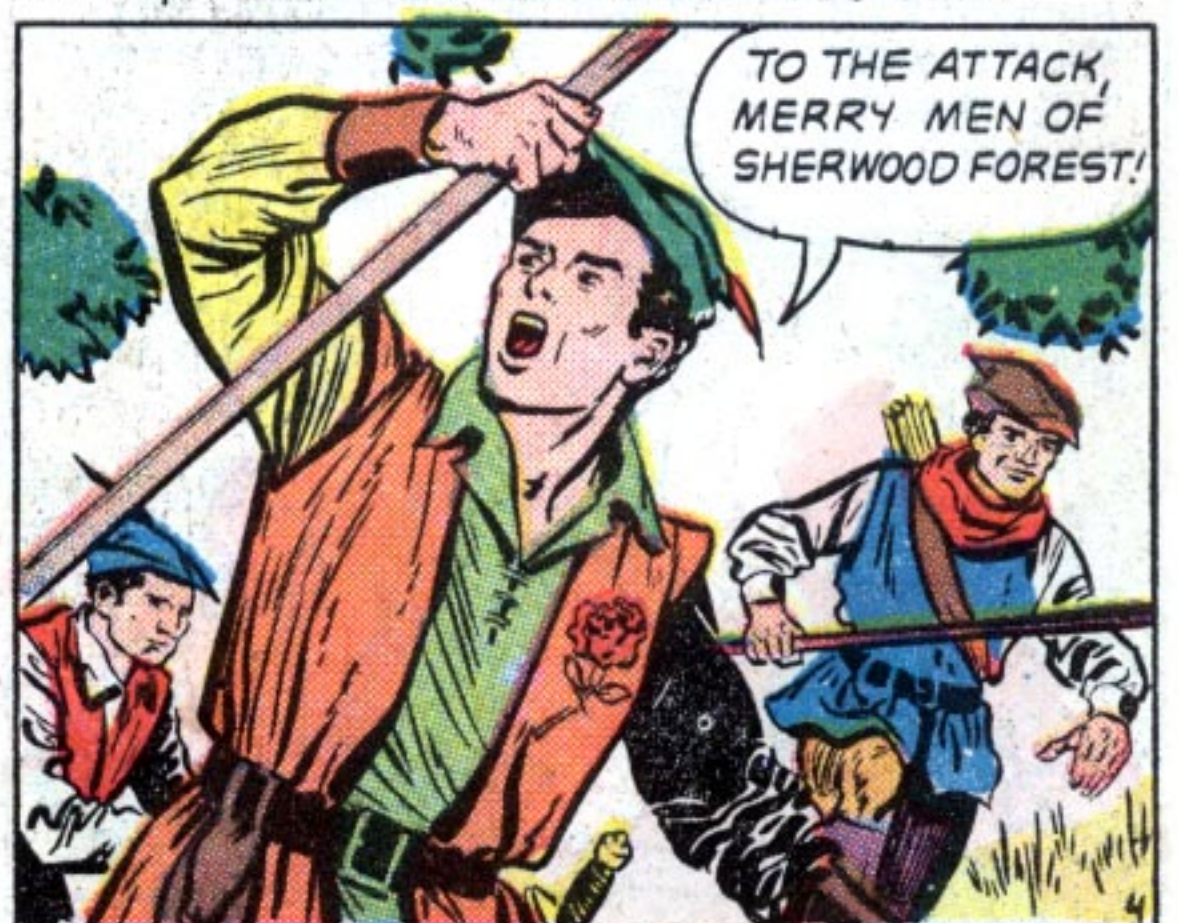


AS HE PASSES, HE'LL FEEL THE FULL WEIGHT OF MY CUDGEL!



NOW WHEN YOUR MERRY MEN SEE ME, ROBIN—THEY'LL THINK I AM YOU! AND TO MAKE SURE PRINCE JOHN KNOWS ME FOR THE NAMELESS KNIGHT, I'LL WEAR A RED ROSE ON MY JERKIN!

ALONG THE GREAT NOTTINGHAM ROAD, SOMEWHAT LATER, THE FALSE ROBIN HOOD CRIES OUT—



TO THE ATTACK, MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST!



SUDDENLY, INSTEAD OF TAX-COLLECTORS, HARDENED MEN-AT-ARMS ARE REVEALED! SWORDS AND BATTLEAXES FLASH!

A TRAP! WE'VE RUN INTO A TRAP!

FLEE! FLEE!



TAKE THEM ALL, EVERY ONE! LET NONE ESCAPE!

AS MERRY MAN AFTER MERRY MAN IS CAPTURED, ONE FIGURE SLIPS AWAY UNSEEN—



NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO STRIKE FOR MYSELF! I'LL TAKE THE ROAD THAT ROBIN SHOWED ME!

AT LAST THE NAMELESS KNIGHT SIGHTS THE TREASURE CAVE, AND WITH A GLAD CRY, RUSHES INSIDE. HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES...



ALL MINE! ONLY ROBIN AND CERTAIN OF HIS MERRY MEN KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE CAVE—AND THEY'VE ALL BEEN CAPTURED!



I'LL GO TO FETCH HORSES—MANY PACK HORSES! I'LL LOAD THE TREASURE ON THEM AND TAKE IT TO MY OWN CASTLE, BACK IN CORNWALL! HA! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND WHEN I'M DONE!

MEANWHILE, FLEEING MEN TUMBLE ON THEIR UNCONSCIOUS LEADER AND HELP HIM TO HIS FEET—



ROBIN, WHAT HAPPENED? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE? I SAW YOU AT THE FIGHT—!

YOU SAW NOT ME, BUT SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE ME! I'VE BEEN LYING HERE IN A DAZE! TELL ME OF THAT FIGHT. EVIDENTALLY, WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED!

PRINCE JOHN DIVIDES HIS FORCES. FEVERISHLY, HE SHOUTS OUT HIS HATE FOR THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST...



A FEW OF YOU GUARD THE MERRY MEN WE'VE CAPTURED. YOU OTHERS—COME WITH ME! WE'LL SEARCH THE FOREST FOR ROBIN HOOD! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!

UPON LEARNING OF THE TRICK THAT HAS BEEN PULLED ON HIM, ROBIN GUESSES SHREWDLY AT THE TRUTH. THEN HE RAIDS THE HANDFUL OF GUARDS, FREEING HIS MERRY MEN—



A RESCUE!
ROBIN HOOD TO THE RESCUE!

RUN FOR IT!
PRINCE JOHN WENT AFTER ROBIN— BUT ROBIN TRICKED HIM!

IF I'M RIGHT IN GUESSING THAT THE NAMELESS KNIGHT IS THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ME, HE'LL HEAD FOR THE TREASURE CAVE. HE SHOWED TOO MUCH INTEREST IN ALL THAT GOLD TO PLEASE ME.



NOTHING HERE BUT THIS RED ROSE. NOTHING HAS BEEN TOUCHED, EITHER. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHO COULD HAVE BEEN HERE, AND DROPPED THIS?

NOT FAR FROM THE SECRET CAVE—

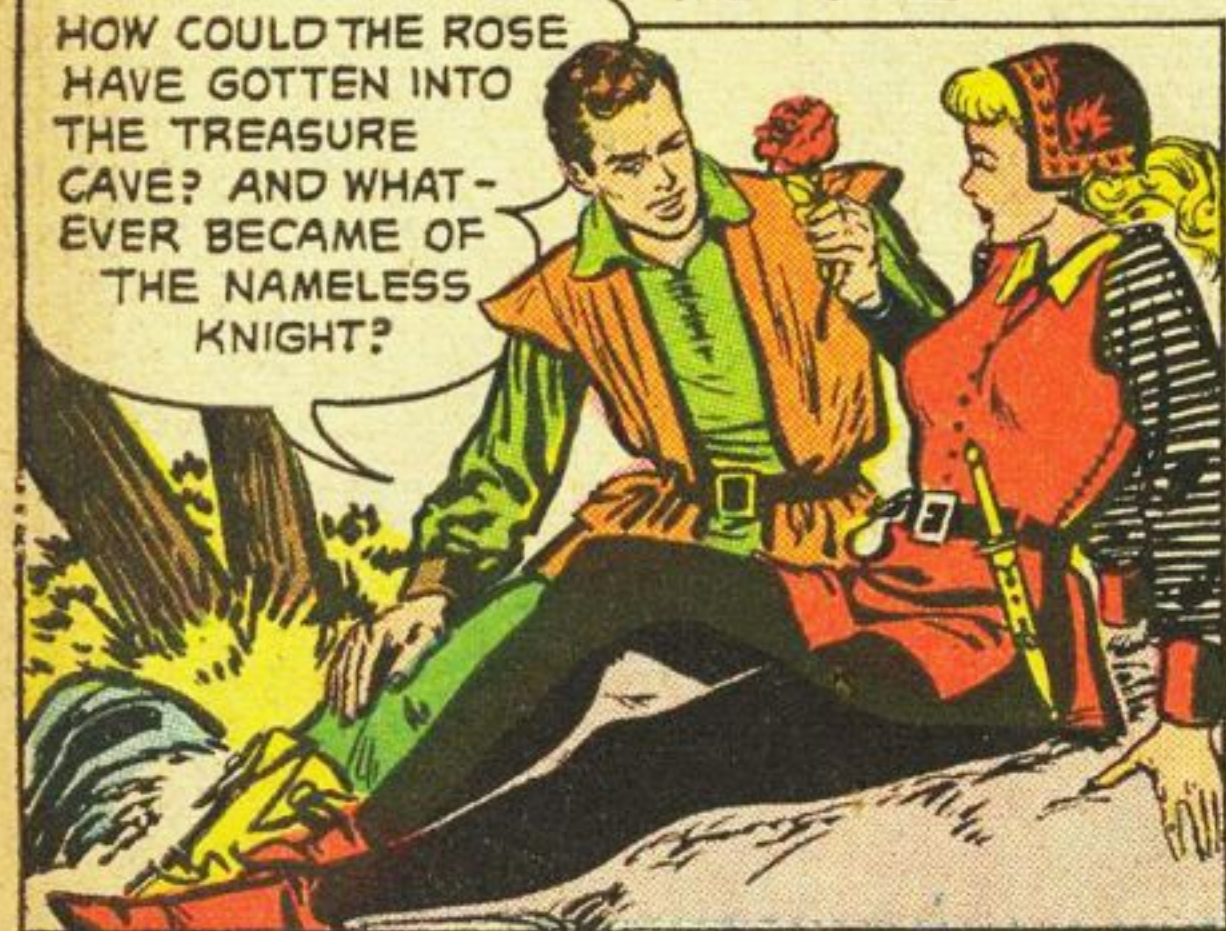
NO, NO! THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE! I'M THE NAMELESS KNIGHT— ONLY **POSING** AS ROBIN HOOD!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL? THE REAL NAMELESS KNIGHT WORE A RED ROSE! I SAW IT DURING THE FIGHT! **YOU** ARE ROBIN HOOD— AND MY PRISONER!



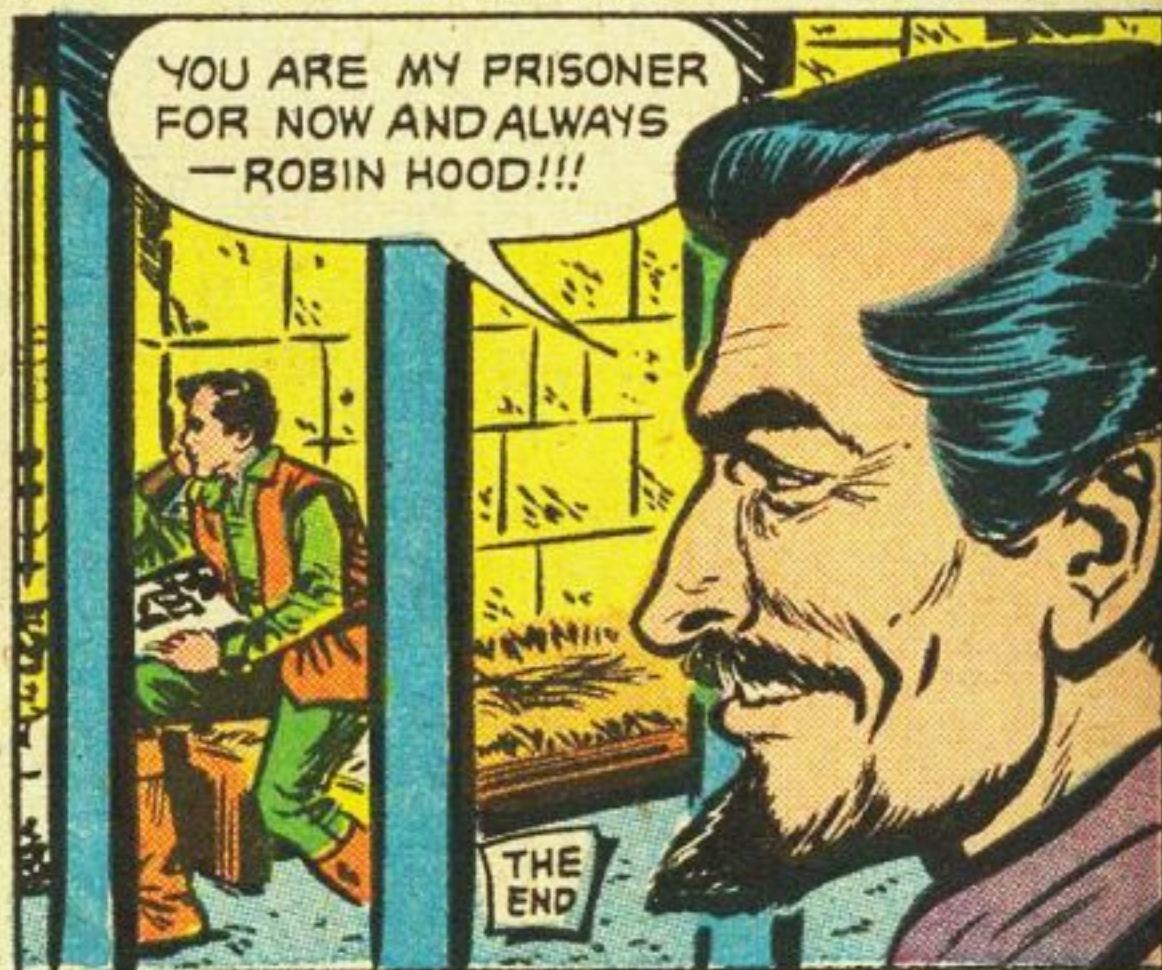
THERE YOU SEE? THERE GOES THE NAMELESS KNIGHT, WITH HIS RED ROSE. HE IS RETURNING TO THE FOREST TO ROUND UP THE OTHER MERRY MEN AND BETRAY THEM TO ME! YOU, ROBIN HOOD— ARE DOOMED TO A DUNGEON CELL FOREVER!

FOR SEVERAL DAYS, ROBIN PUZZLES OVER THE RIDDLE—



HOW COULD THE ROSE HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE TREASURE CAVE? AND WHAT— EVER BECAME OF THE NAMELESS KNIGHT?

IN THE DUNGEON CELLARS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON—



YOU ARE MY PRISONER FOR NOW AND ALWAYS — ROBIN HOOD!!!

THE END



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Independence Day
Celebration



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all military
games



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contests,
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- ★ SAFE — HARMLESS — NO MATCHES, NO GUNPOWDER

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☐ I enclose \$3.98 + 45¢ shipping charges.
☐ Send COD. I will pay postman on delivery plus COD charges and postage.
Please include _____ tube(s) of Bangsite at 39¢ per tube.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



THE SHOUTS RING OUT IN SHERWOOD FOREST—





HO, LUB—HAVEN'T YOU WATERED THOSE HORSES YET?

AND SO IT GOES—DO THIS, DO THAT! FROM ONE TASK, HE GOES TO ANOTHER...



ISN'T THE COOKING FIRE READY YET, LUB?

BE READY IN A MINUTE, MAID MARIAN.
COUGH
COUGH



YOU CAN CLEAN THE COOKING POTS NOW, LUB!

YES, MAID MARIAN!

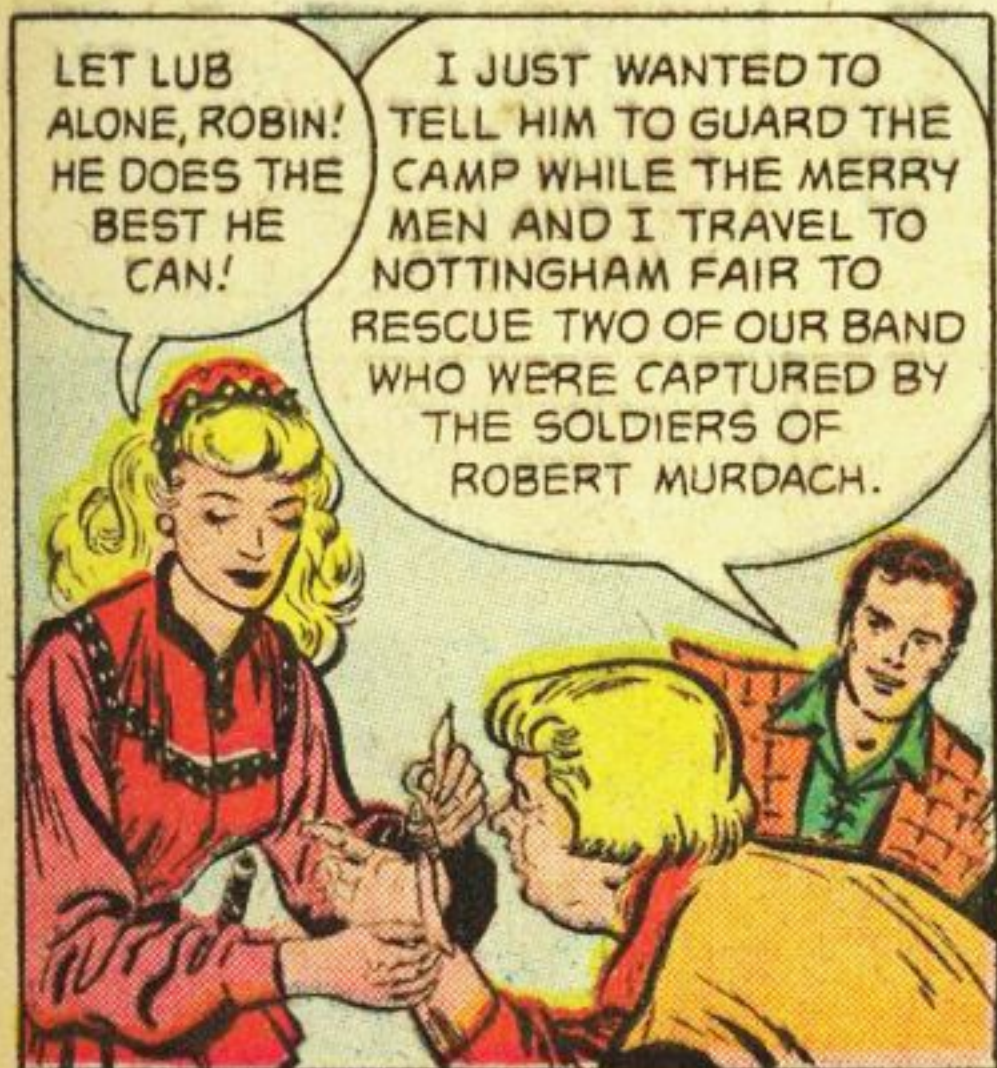


CLEAN THIS, POLISH THAT, MEND THE OTHER THING! CUT WOOD, FETCH WATER, CURRY THE HORSES! NOBODY EVER ASKS MY ADVICE, OR MY HELP WHEN THERE'S TO BE A FIGHT!



NOW I HAVE TO—OWTCH, THAT BLADE IS SHARP!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE CUT YOURSELF? LUB, YOU NEVER FAIL TO AMAZE ME! IF THERE'S A WRONG WAY TO DO ANYTHING, YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO FIND IT!



LET LUB ALONE, ROBIN! HE DOES THE BEST HE CAN!

I JUST WANTED TO TELL HIM TO GUARD THE CAMP WHILE THE MERRY MEN AND I TRAVEL TO NOTTINGHAM FAIR TO RESCUE TWO OF OUR BAND WHO WERE CAPTURED BY THE SOLDIERS OF ROBERT MURDACH.



YOU WILL DO AS ROBIN ASKS, LUB? YOU'LL GUARD THE CAMP?

WITH MY LIFE, MAID MARIAN!



AT NOTTINGHAM FAIR, THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST HAS PREPARED A RESCUE—



LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US, ROBIN. THE EVIL ROBERT MURDACH WILL NEVER HANG OUR GOOD FELLOWS!



THE PRISONERS ARE LED OUT TO BE STARED AT BY THE FAIR CROWD...

WAY FOR THE PRISONERS! GIVE WAY!

BRIGHT AXES LIFT AS THE MERRY MEN PRESS FORWARD—



HERE COME THE LADS NOW—BLESS 'EM!

AYE! ROBIN WOULD NEVER LET THE CRUEL ROBERT MURDACH HARM US!

—WHEN SUDDENLY ANGRY VOICES DISTURB THE FAIR!



I TELL YOU, YSABELLE, I'LL NOT STAND FOR IT!

UNHAND THAT WOMAN, FOUL KNIGHT! I'LL STAND FOR NO WOMAN BEING MISTREATED IN MY PRESENCE!



I SLIPPED! I'M FALLING!

WHO IS HE?

I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE—AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M SORRY I SEE HIM NOW!



CRASH!

RANG!

CLANG!

TINKLE!

CLANG!



NO MAN NAMES ME FOUL KNIGHT! DEFEND YOURSELF, SIR!

AYE, THAT I WILL! FUNNY—I THOUGHT I COULD SEE THROUGH A HELMET VISOR!



I CAN'T SEE A THING!

I'M OVER HERE, FOOL!

AT THE PRISONERS' WAGON-CAGE, ROBERT MURDACH'S SOLDIERS SURGE FORWARD—

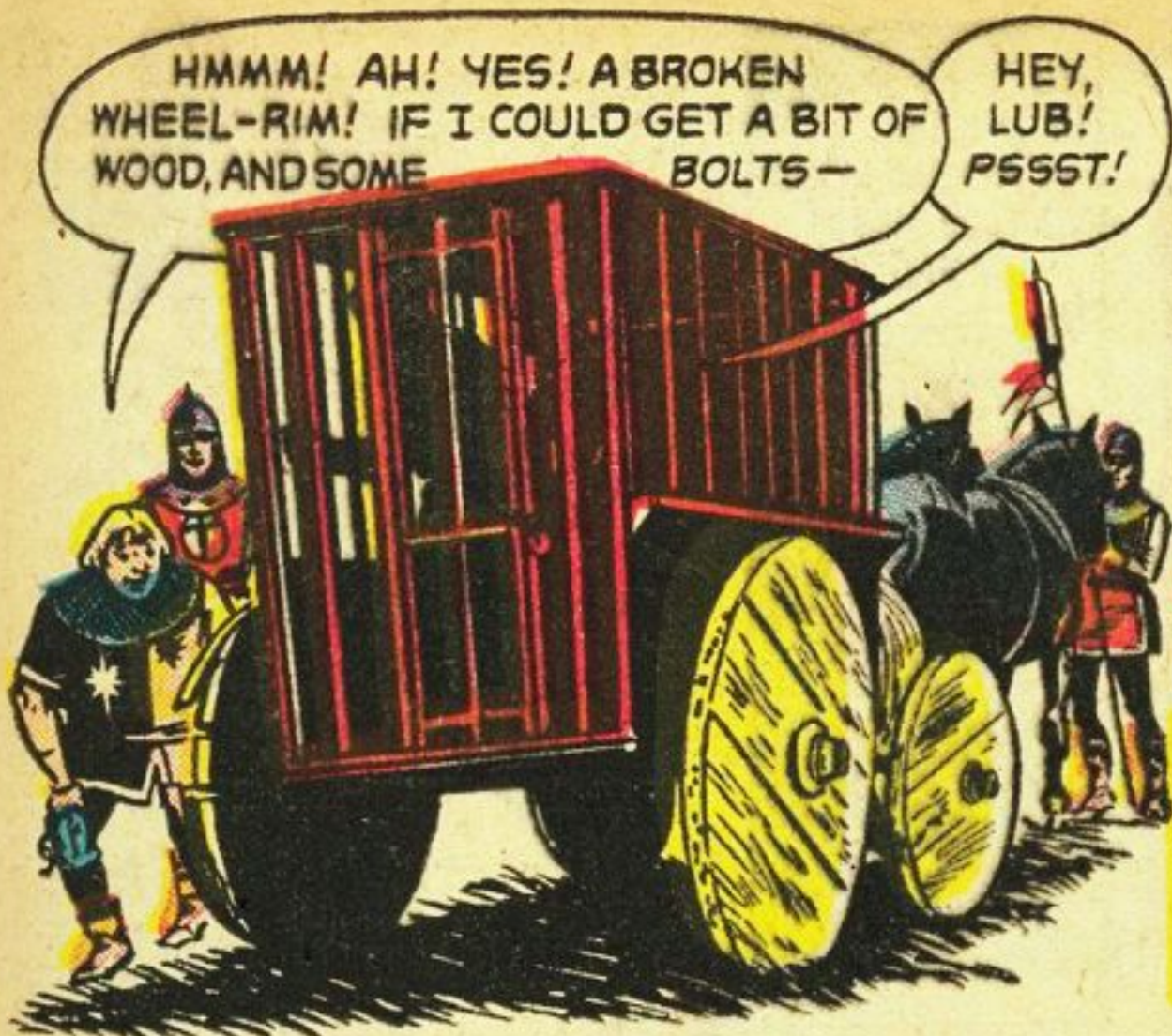


LIFE CAN BE VERY SAD AT TIMES, LUB REALIZES. HE IS ALMOST ON THE VERGE OF TEARS...



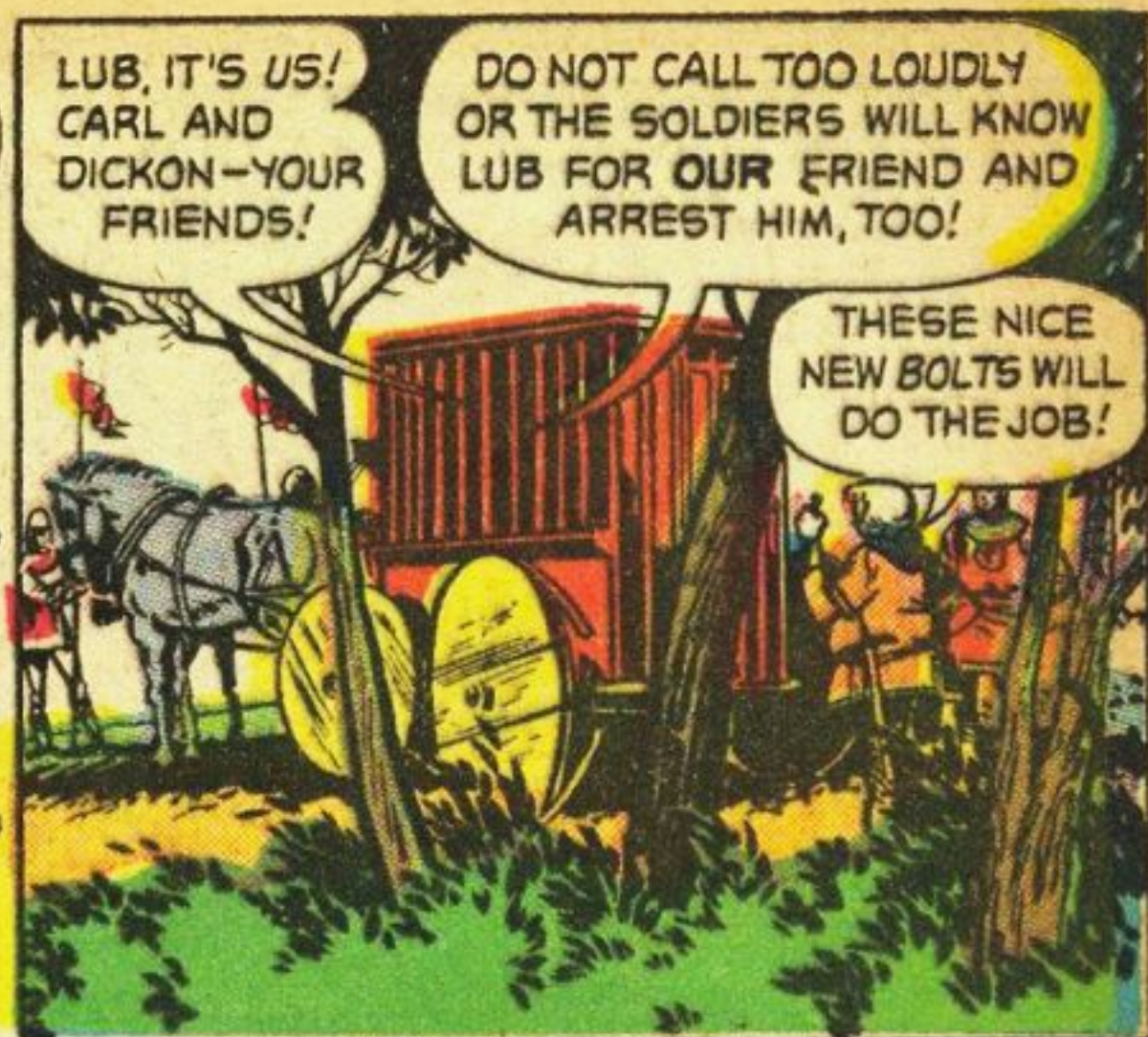
AS HE IS ALMOST TO THE SHERWOOD FOREST CAMP, A VOICE HAILS HIM. LUB BRIGHTENS VISIBLY...





HMMM! AH! YES! A BROKEN WHEEL-RIM! IF I COULD GET A BIT OF WOOD, AND SOME BOLTS —

HEY, LUB! PSSST!



LUB, IT'S US! CARL AND DICKON—YOUR FRIENDS!

DO NOT CALL TOO LOUDLY OR THE SOLDIERS WILL KNOW LUB FOR OUR FRIEND AND ARREST HIM, TOO!

THESE NICE NEW BOLTS WILL DO THE JOB!



FAREWELL! FAREWELL! SIGH I ONLY WISH ROBIN HOOD COULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO SEE HOW WELL I FIXED THAT WAGON WITH THOSE BOLTS!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN —

DICKON AND CARL WOULD BE FREE MEN IF YOU HADN'T TRIED TO PLAY KNIGHT!

HOW DID I KNOW SHE WAS HIS WIFE—AND THAT THEY WERE FIGHTING OVER THEIR IN-LAWS?



AT THAT MOMENT, A VOICE CRIES OUT EAGERLY —

ROBIN—THEY'RE TAKING DICKON AND CARL TO LONDON TOWN. THEY'RE IN A CAGE-WAGON TRAVELLING ALONG THE FOREST ROAD!

WAS IT A RED WAGON? WITH YELLOW WHEELS? DRAWN BY TWO GREY HORSES?



YES—DID YOU SEE IT?

I NOT ONLY SAW IT, I HELPED FIX ONE OF ITS WHEELS THAT THAT WAS BROKEN! OTHERWISE THEY'D HAVE BEEN STUCK THERE!



PRESERVE ME FROM YOUR HELP, LUB! BUT—MAYBE THE WAGON COULDN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR. MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE CROSSROADS!

AT THE CROSSROADS, SOMEWHAT LATER...



THAT NIGHT, LUB IS THE TOAST OF THE CAMP. AS GUEST OF HONOR, HE BASKS IN THEIR PRAISE...



THE END

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HIT IT...

IT'S GREAT FUN!

MOLD IT...

STRETCH IT...

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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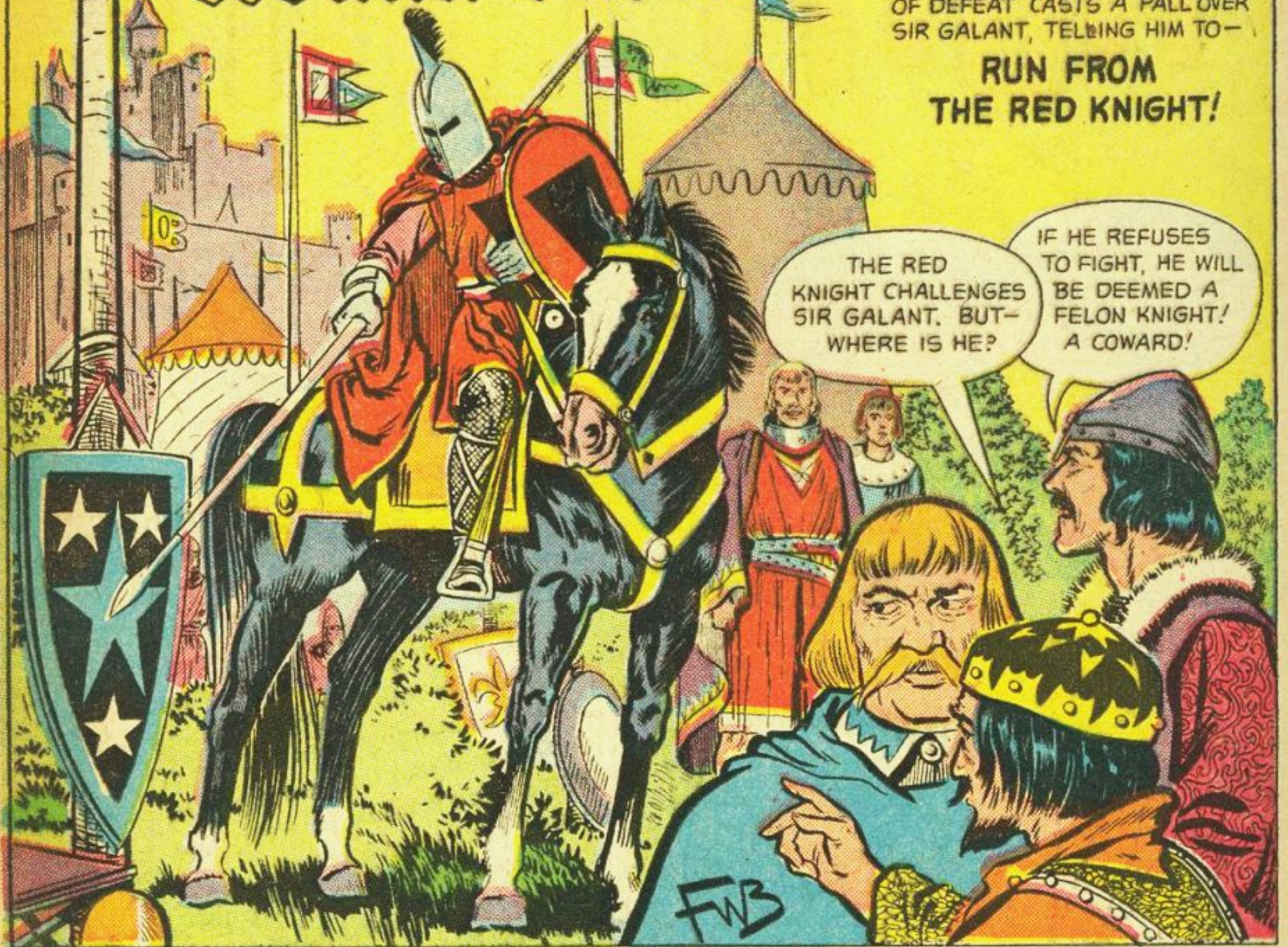
State

SIR GALANT

of the Round Table

AS THE CLANG OF SPEAR ON SHIELD RINGS OUT AT THE GREAT TOURNEY AT CAMELOT, MEN TURN TO STARE AT ONE ANOTHER. IS SIR GALANT AFRAID OF THE RED KNIGHT? WHY DOES HE NOT EMERGE TO JOUST WITH HIM? WHY DOES HE HIDE HIMSELF IN HIS TENT? IS IT TRUE, AS MEN WHISPER TO ONE ANOTHER, THAT FEAR OF DEFEAT CASTS A PALL OVER SIR GALANT, TELLING HIM TO—

**RUN FROM
THE RED KNIGHT!**



THE RED KNIGHT CHALLENGES SIR GALANT. BUT—WHERE IS HE?

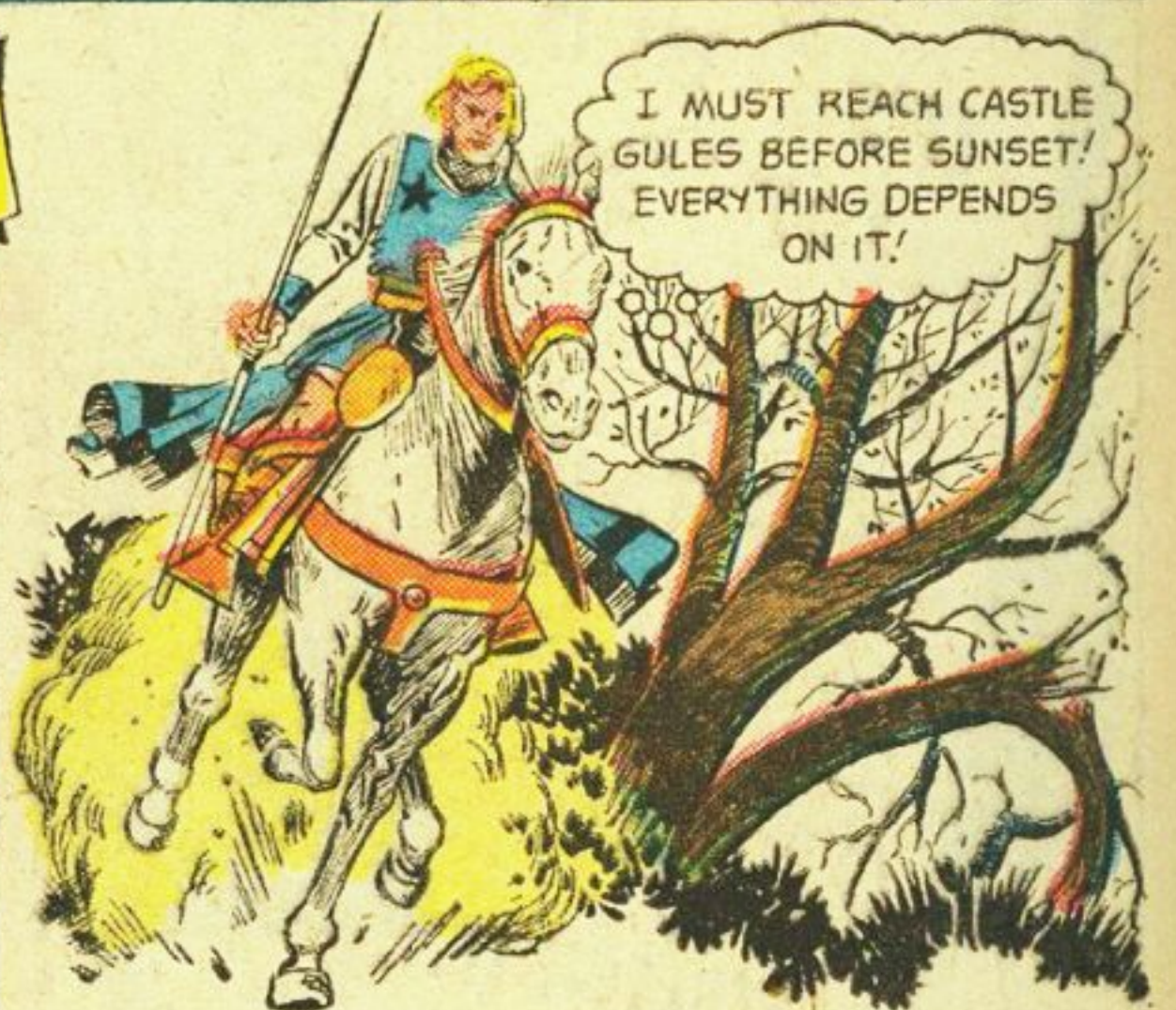
IF HE REFUSES TO FIGHT, HE WILL BE DEEMED A FELON KNIGHT! A COWARD!

BEFORE THE ECHOES OF THAT SPEAR CLASHING ON SHIELD DIES AWAY, A HORSEMAN IS RACING FROM CAMELOT TOWARD THE FORESTLANDS OF KENT...

LET THEM THINK WHAT THEY WILL. I DARE NOT FIGHT THE RED KNIGHT!



I MUST REACH CASTLE GULES BEFORE SUNSET! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON IT!



AS HE PAUSES TO REST AND WATER HIS WAR-HORSE, IN THE LONG SHADOWS OF LATE AFTERNOON—



ALMS, GOOD, SIR.
ALMS FOR MOTHER
HAMPTON!

THIS ROAD
TAKES YOU TO
CASTLE GULES,
SIR KNIGHT. IT
IS A DANGER-
OUS PLACE!

I FEAR IT
NOT! I HAVE—
BUSINESS
THERE!



FOR A MOMENT, AS HE DROPS SOME COINS INTO HER CLAWLIKE HAND, SIR GALANT SEEMS TO SEE STRANGE VISIONS IN THE OLD WOMAN'S FEVERISHLY BRIGHT EYES...



THEN HE IS RIDING ON, TOWARD CASTLE GULES. JUST BEFORE SUNSET HE ARRIVES IN SIGHT OF ITS HIGH WALLS AND TOWERS—

INSIDE THAT CASTLE, THE LADY JOANNA OF WILLOWMERE AND HER BROTHER LIE IMPRISONED! I MUST FREE THEM BEFORE THE RED KNIGHT RETURNS!



HAD I STAYED TO FIGHT THE RED KNIGHT, AND DEFEATED HIM, HE'D HAVE RETURNED TO HIS CASTLE. THEN WHEN I SOUGHT TO RESCUE THE LADY JOANNA, THE RED KNIGHT MIGHT HAVE HARMED HER TO PREVENT IT. I COULD TAKE NO CHANCES!



SIR GALANT REINS IN. AS HE STARES ABOUT HIM, HIS FACE IS LINED WITH DISMAY!



I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!
'TIS MAGIC!
'TIS WITCH-
CRAFT OF
SOME SORT!

CASTLE GULES IS DESERTED. DECAY SEEPS FROM ITS RUINED WALLS. IT IS A DEAD, ABANDONED PLACE, HOARY WITH AGE AND THE HEAVY HAND OF TIME!



NO MAN WOULD LIVE HERE! THIS CANNOT BE BE CASTLE GULES, HOME OF THE RED KNIGHT! YET—YET I MADE NO WRONG TURN! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?



EXPLORING THE PILE OF RUINS, THE YOUNG KNIGHT FINDS NO LIVING THING. ONLY THE HANDS OF TIME AND AGE ARE ON THE CASTLE! EVERYTHING IS ROTTED, DUSTY...



CHOKING BACK A CRY, HE WHEELS. HIS EYES FALL ON A CRACKED, BROKEN MIRROR...



AT CAMELOT, THE RED KNIGHT DOWNS THE LAST KNIGHT BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE VICTORY ACCOLADE...

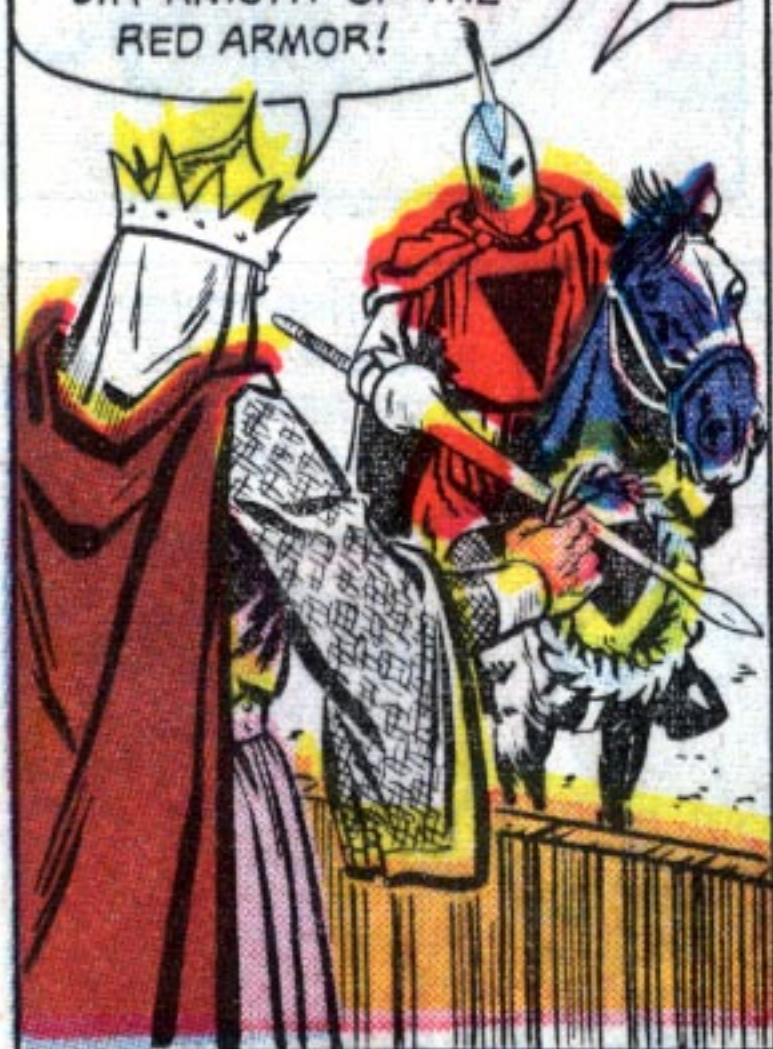


THE RED KNIGHT WINS!

HUZZAH!
HUZZAH!

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE ROYAL ACCOLADE. OUR CONGRATULATIONS, SIR KNIGHT OF THE RED ARMOR!

MY THANKS, SIRE!



NO WORD FROM SIR GALANT? I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT HE IS SUCH A COWARD AS HE SEEMED TO BE TODAY!

MAYBE HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING! THE RED KNIGHT TRIUMPHED OVER ME BY WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC!

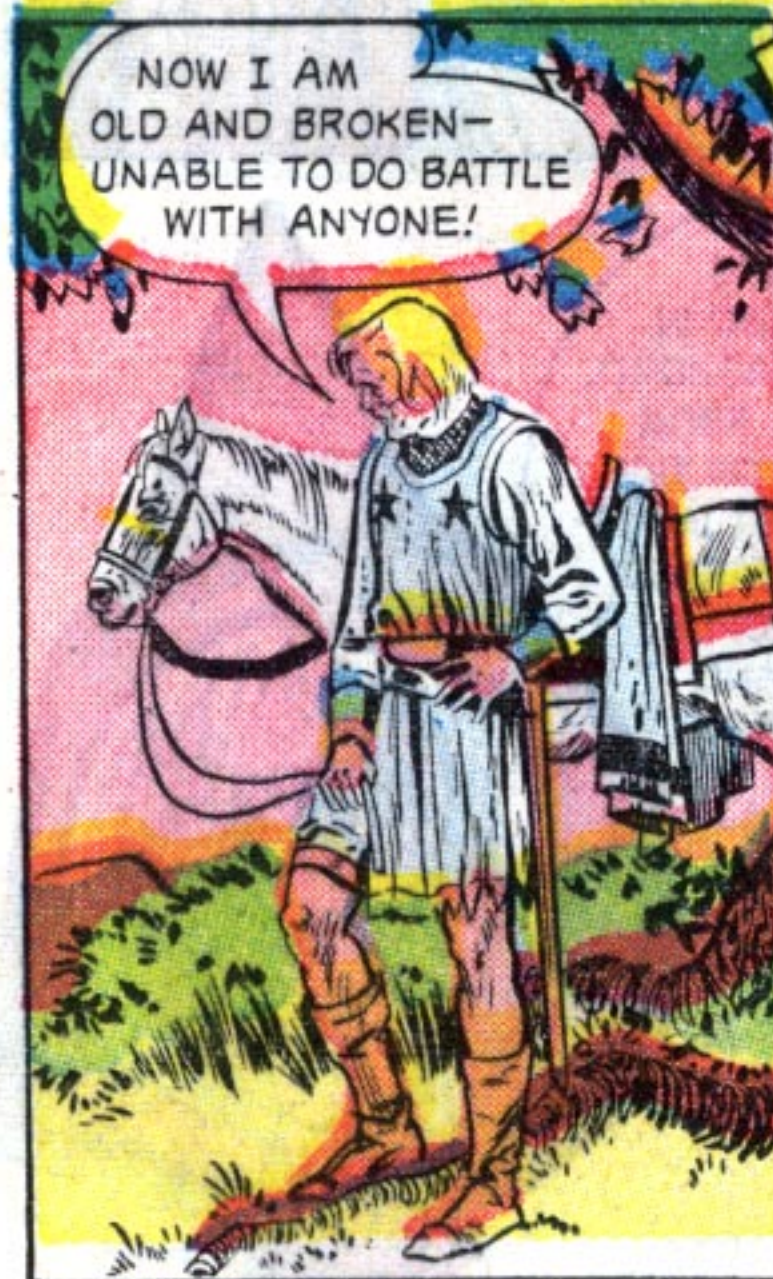


AS THE RED KNIGHT GALLOPS ALONG THE ROAD TO CASTLE GULES, THE BUSHES PART. AN OLD FACE PEERS AT HIS WARLIKE FIGURE...

THERE HE GOES NOW. ALL MY SCHEMES WERE IN VAIN. THE RED KNIGHT TRIUMPHED OVER ME BY WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC!

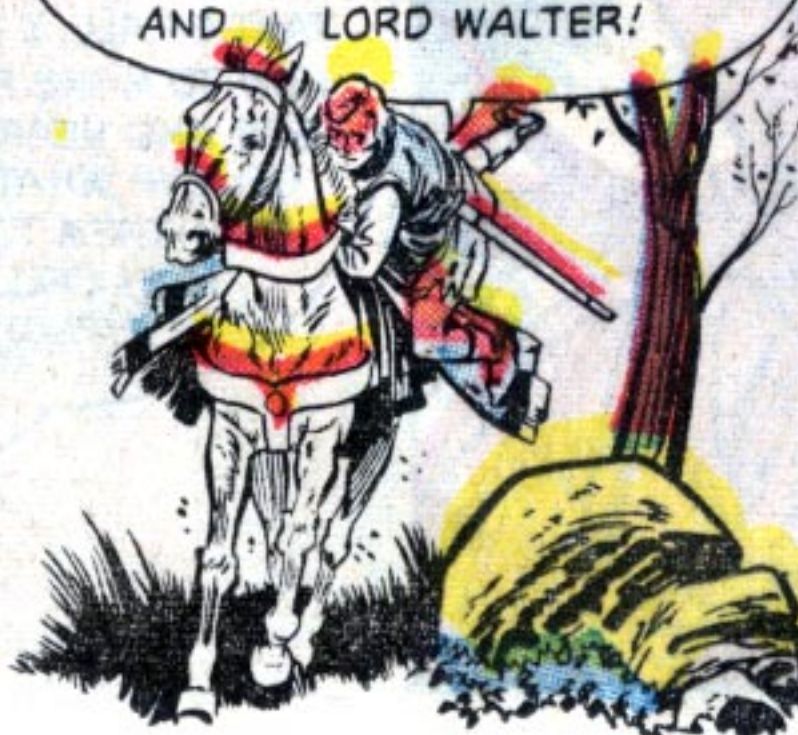


NOW I AM OLD AND BROKEN—UNABLE TO DO BATTLE WITH ANYONE!



THE FIRES OF YOUTH ARE NOT YET DEAD IN SIR GALANT, HOWEVER! HE COMES TO A HALT AND THROWS BACK HIS HEAD DEFIANTLY!

NO! I SWORE KNIGHTLY VOWS! I MUST NOT GO BACK ON THEM, EVEN IF I HAVE BEEN BEWITCHED! I MUST RIDE ONCE AGAIN, TO FIGHT FOR THE LADY JOANNA AND LORD WALTER!



A SCREAM DISTURBS THE BROODING SILENCE OF THE WEALD*

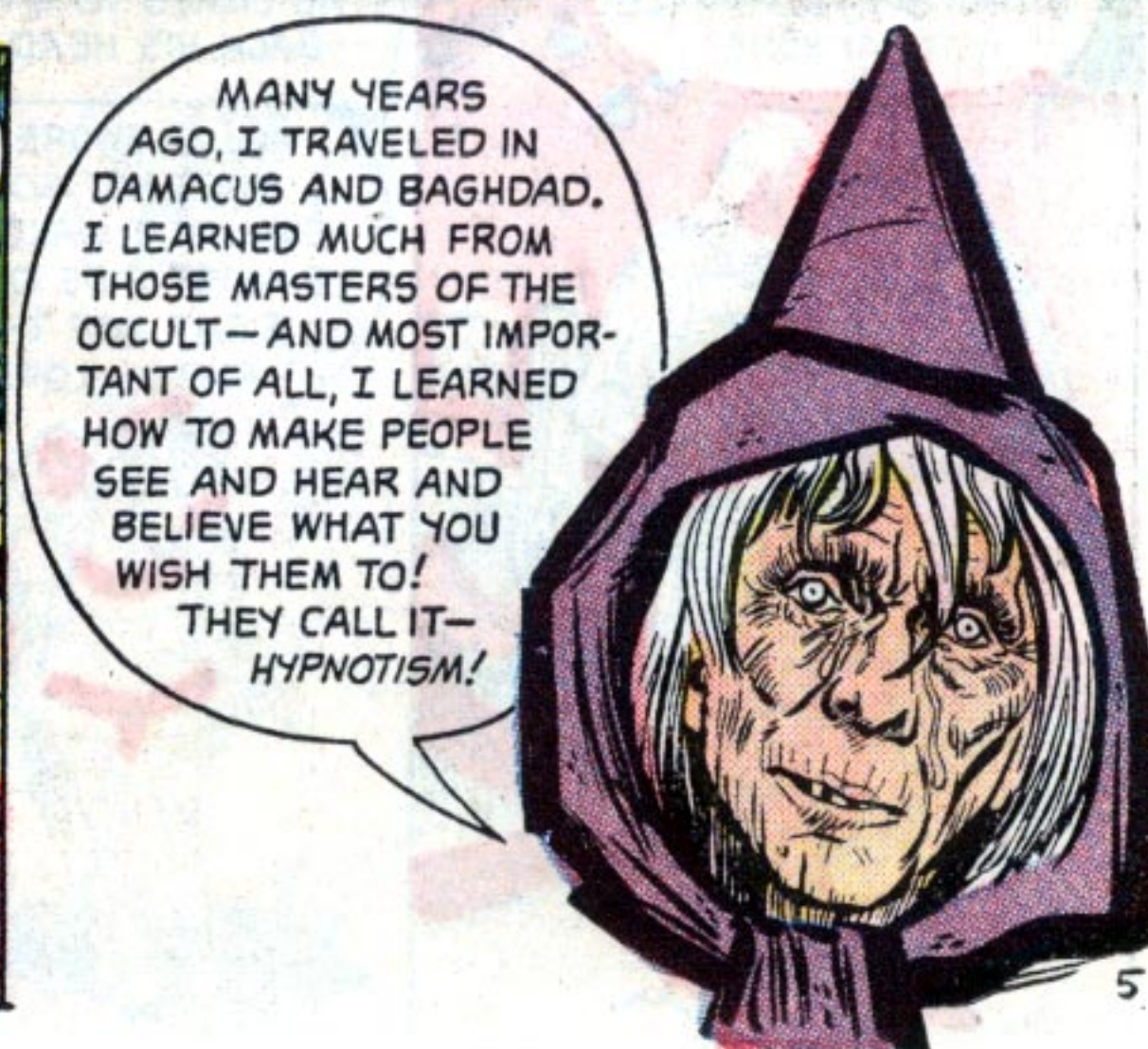
A WOMAN CRIED OUT THEN, WITH FEAR IN HER VOICE! I MUST RESCUE HER FIRST, BEFORE I DARE THE ENCHANTMENTS OF...

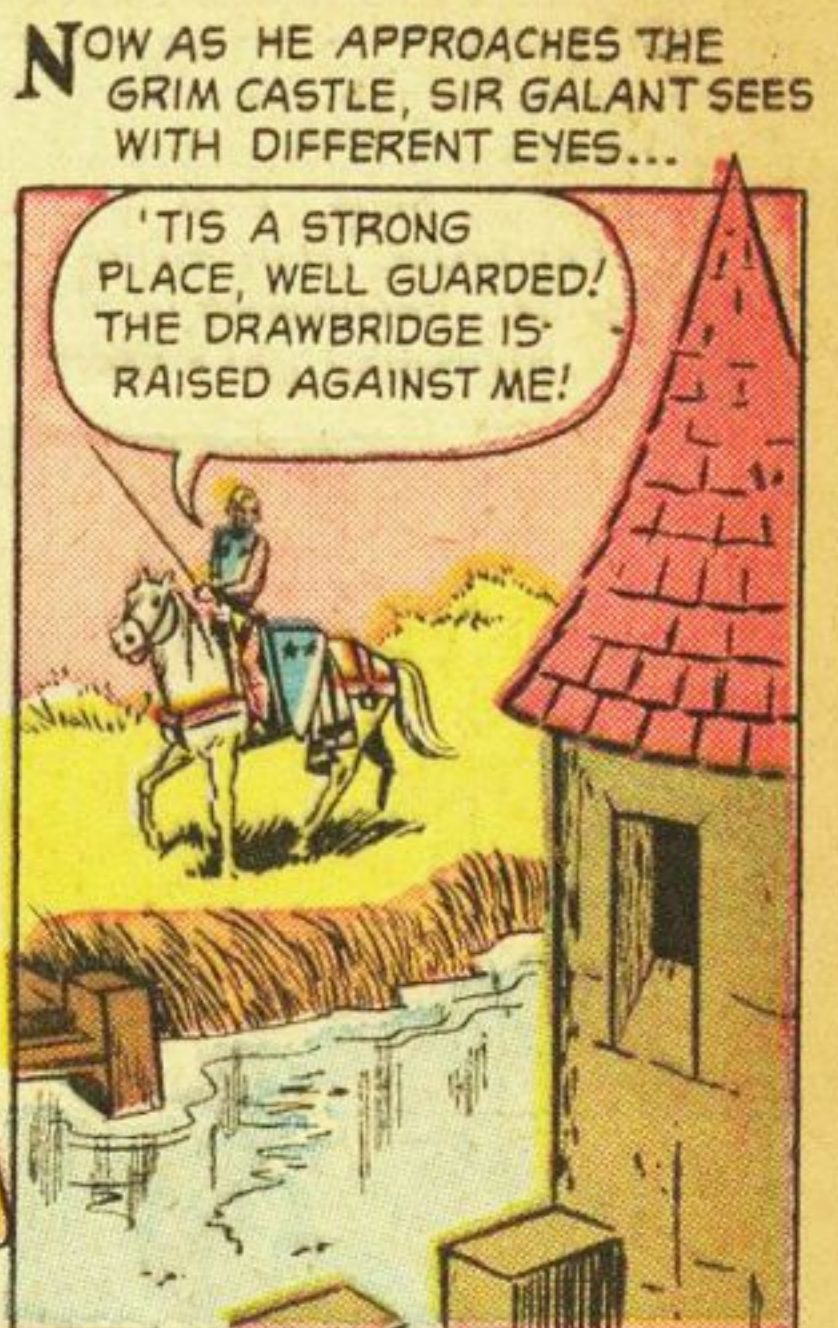


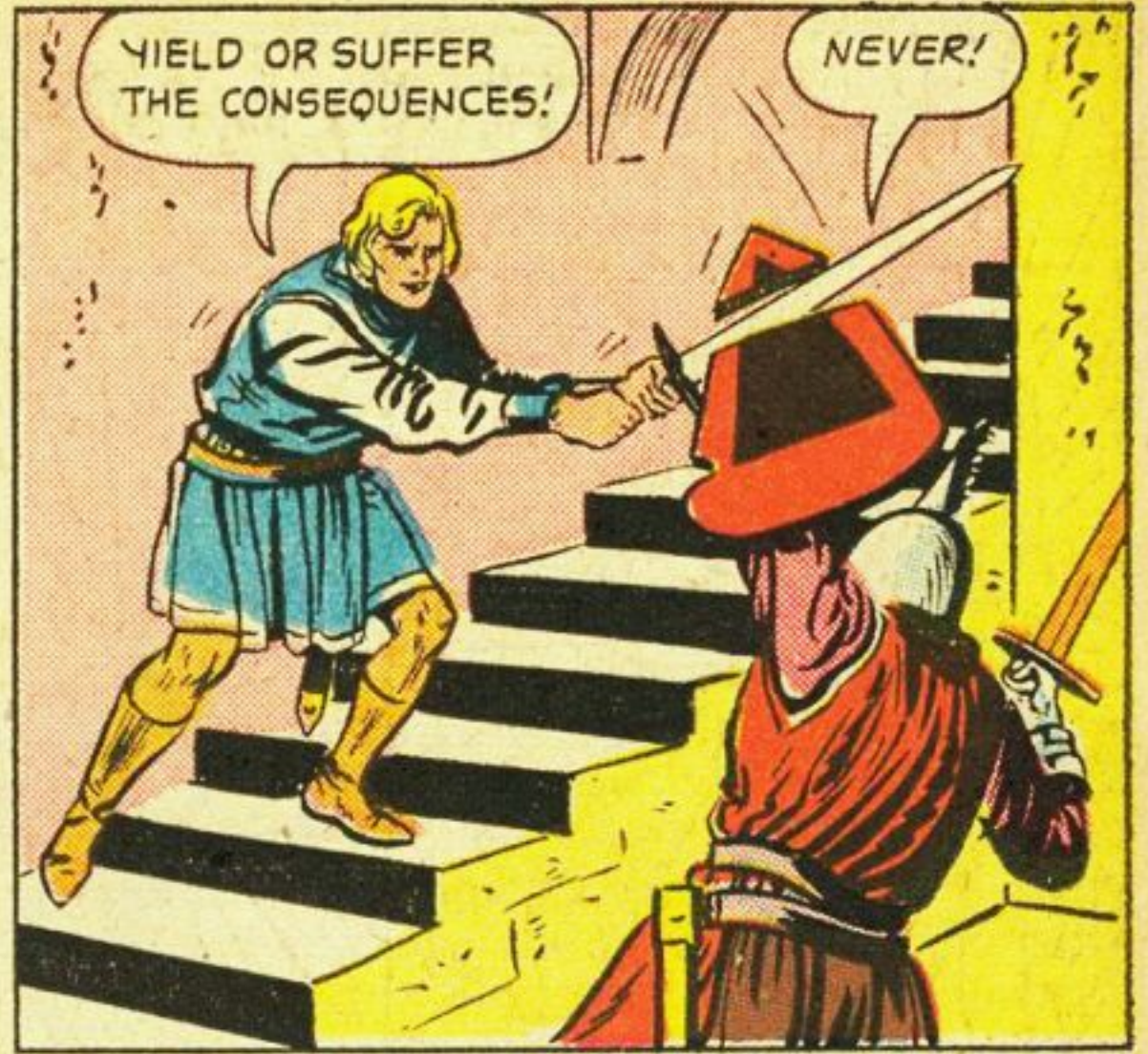
...CASTLE GULES!

*A WEALD IS A FOREST!

A HEAD OF HIM SIR GALANT SEES
OLD MOTHER HAMPTON, RINGED
IN BY RAVENOUS WOLVES...







LATER, IN CAMELOT, AFTER THE FELON KNIGHT HAS BEEN LED AWAY TO PUNISHMENT—



IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

You readers have been showing your interest in the life and customs of the Middle Ages by writing in to the editor. Keep your letters coming. We like to know you are following these pages as you keep up with the latest adventures of the fabulous Robin Hood.

THE DOMESDAY BOOK We people of the twentieth century get a great deal of our knowledge of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries from the Domesday Book. It was prepared for William the Conqueror of England when he landed in England and overcame King Harold and the Saxons at the battle of Hastings. It consists of two volumes and is a survey of land and courts, royal officers and the returns to be made by the counties of England. The first volume handled all of England except the three eastern counties, which were included in volume two.

Each county heading lists the holders of the land, beginning with the king. Livestock and produce also are included.

Naturally, when William conquered England, he had no way of knowing its wealth, its taxes, or who owned its lands. He ordered Domesday Book prepared. Today, these volumes paint a picture of England as it was in those early days: the ranks of nobles, the kind of produce and animals that existed, even the kind of monies used. It is an invaluable document.

DANCING Medieval dancing was not the jitterbug, waltz or fox trot that we know today. It was a carryover from pagan times, when people danced to propitiate the evil spirits or the heathen gods. When villagers assembled to hold these dances, they sang old songs, circling around slowly, holding hands. This round dance was called a *carole*. From such an early beginning was taken the Christmas carol. In Italian, such a song and dance was known as the *ballare*. From this we derive the words, *ballet* and *ball*.

Church law very often forbade these dances because of the unbridled spirits aroused by the wild gyrations. Oftentimes these pagan-like dances were held in churchyards or even in churches themselves, so it is easy to understand the strictness of the law against them.

The travelling minstrels and troubadours introduced a different kind of dancing into English castles and French chateaux, however, which were stately and

rhythmic affairs for the most part. From them we get the waltz (*volte*) and the minuet.

SPORTS A great number of the sports we enjoy today were known in the middle ages. They played a game called "futeball" (our own football), bowling, chess, archery, hockey, throwing the hammer, tennis and wrestling were some of the other sports of today that began six or seven centuries ago.

Of these, the most practicable of the times was archery. At the outbreak of the Hundred Years War between England and France, King Edward III of England banned all sports but that of the bow and arrow, the better to make good soldiers. Every village green from Cornwall to Northumberland held regular shooting bouts with bows and arrows, with fine prizes offered for the best archer. Inasmuch as it was these English bowmen who smashed the French chivalry at Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, this is one sport that really paid dividends. The archer of the middle ages was the heavy artillery of his day (before the discovery of gunpowder and cannon).

Of course, chess is of very ancient origin. It was reputed to come from India or Persia, no man can say for sure, except that it is primarily a war game, with its wood or ivory or metal pieces carved to represent soldiers in ancient sets. There are some pieces that have been found carved to represent elephants with war *howdahs* on their backs, suggesting an oriental country. It was popular in medieval times in noble and middle class homes.

Jousts were sports in those days, but have fallen into disuse since the discovery of gunpowder. Wrestling was conducted in Clerkenwall and near St. Giles' Hospital in London. There are records of football games going back into the fourteenth century. This football is the English football game, which we call soccer, of which American football is a recent development.

Hunting became a dangerous sport when anyone not a noble went out with a spear or a bow, for all game preserves be-

longed to the royal family or the nobles, and anyone caught "poaching" on these hunting forests was summarily hanged.

Bowls took place on village greens, as they took place in New Amsterdam in later years when America was discovered. Tennis was played with racquets and on courts much as we know the game today.

KEEP The keep of an English castle was the strongest tower of a medieval castle. Often it was so large that the word "tower" could not be used in connection with it. It included the great hall, where the family ate and lived, as well as sleeping quarters that were known as "solars." Built usually of stone and marble, it could withstand battering rams and catapults and other siege engines of its time.

Walls enclosed these keeps. The open space inside the walls where no keep or other building was located was called the "bailey." It was here that travellers mounted or dismounted, where knights and squires practiced their swordsmanship and archery.

There was always a blacksmith forge or armorer's located inside or adjoining the keep, as well as a buttery (where the wine bottles were stored originally; later, it became a pantry), the kitchens, the stables, granary, and barracks for the hired soldiers.

Entrance into the open court or bailey was by way of a gatehouse. Sometimes there was a moat around the walled keep and a drawbridge.

SIEGE ENGINES When a king or a noble attacked a walled town in the days of knights, he had to make sure he could afford it. Not everyone owned the necessary engines of war. Indeed, they were sometimes rented out by men who did own them!

The first siege weapon to be built or hired was the *ballista*, or *mangon*. This was a great wooden arm that threw huge stones or blazing bonfires on an arching line over the high walls into the town or castle behind them. It was usually built on a four-wheeled wagon-frame of heavy wooden timbers. Sometimes it was protected by thick hide or wooden shields on hinges that could be raised or lowered to protect the men who loaded and fired it from arrowshafts from the defenders.

The *trebuchet* was a giant sling, not unlike a catapult. Instead of a scoop or spoon, it held a cloth or canvas bag. Its arm was of wood, and very springy. The attacking forces put bits of iron, small stones, even dead animals into the bag-slings and sent them whirling into the besieged town or castle. Sometimes they hoped to

begin a pestilence by including animals who had died of disease (an early form of "germ warfare"). The trebuchet was also known as a *catapult* or *onager*.

The *arbalest* was a huge crossbow that shot a tremendously large javelin. Where the defenders of a city were packed closely on the walls, such javelins could be terrible weapons, impaling three or four men at one flight.

Of course, there was also the *battering ram*, a great tree-trunk reinforced with a bronze or iron head, which was used to batter at the walls or at doors or gates to smash a path inside. Mostly these rams were mounted on heavy-framed wagons with a strong roof on top. From the walls, the defenders poured down boiling water and pitch, or threw stones, and a roof was the only protection of the men who manned these rams.

The *tower*—a tall construction of frame-wood and hides which held men who would cross over on a narrow gangplank or runway onto the walls of the defending castle or city—was called a *belfroi*. Naturally, it was built to the same height as the walls it was attacking.

As you can see, the main idea was for the attacking force (usually much larger than the defending army) to get inside the walls. There they could spread out and use their superiority of numbers to best effect.

GUNPOWDER IN THE MIDDLE AGES Gunpowder originally came from China. It was used

there in early times in the form of firecrackers that were set off at feast times. In Europe, however, it was not until 1326 that it became known in Italy, in the city of Florence. Cannon were used by the Black Prince of England against the French at the battle of Crecy, 1346, and two years before there is some evidence of both gunpowder and cannon having been manufactured in England.

Germany boasted a gunpowder factory at Augsburg in 1340.

Roger Bacon knew about gunpowder, however, one hundred years before these dates for he makes mention of it in one of his scientific treatises.

The first and most successful early use of gunpowder and cannons was made by the Turks in 1453 when, with the use of brass and iron cannon, they captured Constantinople. This put a definite and final end to the period of swords and armor and siege engines. It could also be known as the death knell of the Middle Ages. Less than forty years later, Columbus discovered America, and the age of exploration and national expansion was begun.

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Robin Hood

MEN SAY YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, BERTRAM O' THE GREEN, FOR YOU HAVE THE "SECOND SIGHT"! TELL ME THEN—HOW CAN I CAPTURE ROBIN HOOD?

IN AN AGE WHEN MEN BELIEVED FIRMLY IN THE "EVIL EYE" AND THE "SECOND SIGHT," BERTRAM O' THE GREEN WAS CREDITED WITH OWNING BOTH. HE COULD WORK A CURSE ON A MAN, WHICH HE NEVER DID, BEING TOO GOOD OF HEART, OR HE COULD LOOK INTO THE FUTURE AND TELL WHAT WOULD COME TO PASS. AND BECAUSE OF THIS LAST GIFT, EVIL SIR GUI OF GLAMORE CASTLE QUESTIONS HIM. DANGER TO ROBIN HOOD RESULTS, DANGER AND DIRE DOOM, EVEN THOUGH ROBIN HOOD IS A GOOD FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS—

SAGE OF SHERWOOD FOREST



HERE LIVES OLD BERTRAM IN A CLAY AND WATTLE HUT UNDER A HUGE OAK TREE, AND HERE THE PEOPLE COME TO ASK THEIR QUESTIONS—

WILL I HAVE GOOD HUNTING THIS WEEK, BERTRAM?



YOUR CROPS WILL ALWAYS FAIL, WULF—SO LONG AS YOU LET YOUR PIGS AND CHICKENS RUN LOOSE TO EAT YOUR SEEDS AND YOUNG PLANTLINGS! PEN UP THE ANIMALS, AND GROW FINE VEGETABLES FOR YOUR FAMILY!



EVEN THE MASTER OF SHERWOOD FOREST STOPS BY TO SEE OLD BERTRAM — SOMETIMES JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!



THE WILD BEAR IS QUICK, BUT ROBIN IS EVEN QUICKER!



AS THE BEAST LUMBERS OFF, A VOICE RINGS OUT JUBILANTLY...



I AM SIR DAVID OF YORK. AN UNHAPPY KNIGHT, IN TRUTH. I'VE LOST THE NECKLET MY BELOVED GAVE TO ME WITH HER OWN FAIR HANDS. *SIGH* WHAT SHALL I SAY TO HER WHEN SHE SEES ME WITHOUT IT?



METHINKS YOU CAME BY WAY OF THE MARSHLAND ROAD, SIR KNIGHT. THERE YOU TOOK A TUMBLE WITH YOUR HORSE. LOOK THERE FOR YOUR LOST NECKLET!



AS DUSK SETTLES OVER THE WILD MARSH COUNTRY—



THAT NIGHT, SIR DAVID STOPS TO PAY A VISIT TO SIR GUI OF GLAMORE CASTLE...

A WISE OLD MAN IN THE FOREST FOUND MY NECKLET, FRIEND GUI. TRULY, HE IS A TELLER OF TRUE FORTUNES!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM!



TWO DAYS LATER, ARMED MEN INVADE SHERWOOD FOREST—

SIR GUI IS SPENDING HIS SUMMER AT HIS CASTLE BY THE LAKE. HERE OLD BERTRAM IS QUESTIONED..

YES, THEY SAY BERTRAM HAS THE SECOND SIGHT, THAT HE CAN FORESEE THE FUTURE AND THE PAST. SUCH A MAN INTERESTS ME STRONGLY. I THINK I'LL SEND FOR HIM. I HAVE A QUESTION OF MY OWN I'D LIKE ANSWERED.

SIR GUI WANTS YOU!

THE MORE YOU STRUGGLE THE WORSE OFF YOU'LL BE—SO COME QUIETLY!



TELL ME, SAGE! HOW MAY I CAPTURE ROBIN HOOD?

ONLY BY GOOD DEEDS, SIR GUI!



ROBIN HOOD IS A GOOD MAN. HE SERVES THE RIGHTFUL KING OF ENGLAND, RICHARD OF THE LION HEART! IF YOU DO GOOD DEEDS THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR ROBIN HOOD TO OPPOSE YOU. IN THAT WAY YOU CAN REMOVE HIM AS AN ENEMY!

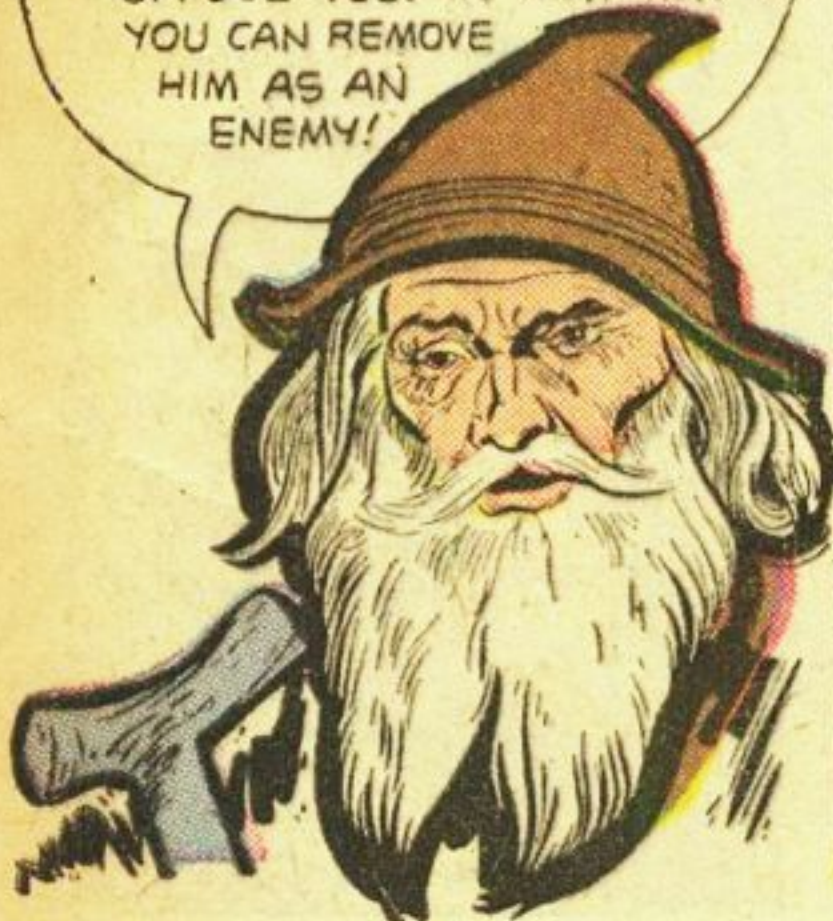
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEONS. LET HIM MEDITATE A WHILE, THEN BRING HIM BACK. HE'LL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS OR RUE THE DAY HE REFUSED!

ROBIN IS MY FRIEND. NEVER WILL I BETRAY HIM!



FOR SOME DAYS, OLD BERTRAM IS ADAMANT. THEN SIR GUI SMILES EVILLY...

THERE ARE NO MEANS OF PERSUASION IN MY SUMMER CASTLE! IT IS ALMOST AUTUMN. I'LL RETURN TO GLAMORE CASTLE. THERE THE OLD MAN WILL TELL ME ANYTHING I WANT TO KNOW. I HAVE SERVANTS WHO ARE EXPERTS AT MAKING MEN SAY WHAT I WANT TO HEAR!



MEANWHILE—



HOLA! BERTRAM,
I BROUGHT YOU
A DEER!

NOW WHERE
CAN THE OLD MAN
HAVE GONE?

HA, THERE ARE SIGNS OF
A STRUGGLE IN HERE. A
BROKEN JAR... AN OVERTURNED
TABLE... A FIRE THAT'S BEEN
DEAD FOR DAYS! SOMEONE CAME
AND TOOK OLD BERTRAM AWAY—
AND THIS BIT OF TORN LIVERY
TELLS ME IT WAS SIR GUI'S
MEN-AT-ARMS! THIS IS HIS
DEVICE ON THE CLOTH!



A HORN SINGS OUT ACROSS THE
GREENWOOD—



WHAT NOW,
ROBIN?

SIR GUI HAS TAKEN BERTRAM
O' THE GREEN, BY FORCE. HE
TRAVELS NOW BY THE GLAMORE
CASTLE ROAD, WITH ALL HIS
SUMMER EQUIPAGE. A LITTLE
DARING, A BIT OF SKILL WITH
OUR SHAFTS—AND WE CAN
TAKE THE OLD MAN SAFELY
AWAY FROM HIM!



THE MERRY MEN SET OUT. SOME
ARE INCLINED TO WORRY, FOR ALL
SHERWOOD FOREST KNOWS THAT
SIR GUI ALWAYS TRAVELS WITH
A SMALL ARMY...

WE ARE SO FEW,
ROBIN— SIR GUI
WILL SURELY DEFEAT
US! HE KEEPS BATTLE-
HARDENED SOLDIERS
IN HIS ARMY!

FEAR NOT,
HAROLD. THE
RAIN
WILL
AID US!



RAIN? WHAT
RAIN? 'TIS A
SUNNY SUMMER
DAY! PURSUIT
WILL BE EASY
FOR SIR GUI!

RAIN WILL HIDE
US, AND WASH
OUT OUR FOOT-
PRINTS. A BOLD
STROKE—AN
ATTACK BY
SURPRISE—THEN
WATCH THE RAIN
FALL!



THE CLANG OF SWORD IN
SCABBARD AND THE CLINK OF
METAL ARMOR BETRAYS THE
FACT THAT SIR GUI TRAVELS
THE FOREST ROADS. MANY MEN
MARCH WITH HIM, FOR SIR GUI
IS AN EVIL MAN AND FEARS
RETRIBUTION FROM THE PEOPLE
HE HAS WRONGED...



MAYBE THE TRIP WILL
LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE, OLD
MAN! IF IT DOES, I'LL KEEP
YOU SAFE—AFTER YOU'VE
TOLD ME HOW TO CAPTURE
ROBIN HOOD!



A BOWSTRING TWANGS! AN ARROW WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR!

FIRE ARROWS! TEACH SIR GUI NEVER TO COME RAIDING IN OUR FOREST WORLD!



CUT SWORDS! TO SIR GUI AND OLD BERTRAM!

A RESCUE! A RESCUE!



YOU SEEK ME, SIR GUI — SO COME AND TAKE ME!



IT'S EASY TO ASK QUESTIONS OF A HELPLESS OLD MAN! TRY FIGHTING SOMEONE OF YOUR OWN STRENGTH, COWARD!



MOUNT UP, BERTRAM—AND RIDE!

OH!!



DAZED AND SHAKEN, SIR GUI LIES ON THE GROUND AND WATCHES HIS ARCH-ENEMY RUN OFF WITH HIS PRIZE ...



AFTER THEM! BRING BACK ROBIN HOOD AND WIN A PURSE OF GOLD COINS! AFTER HIM, YOU STUPID VARLETS!

WILD-EYED AND MADDENED BY FURY, SIR GUI RACES INTO THE WOODS!



HE CAN'T ESCAPE! THE FOREST FLOOR SHOWS US WHERE HE WENT!

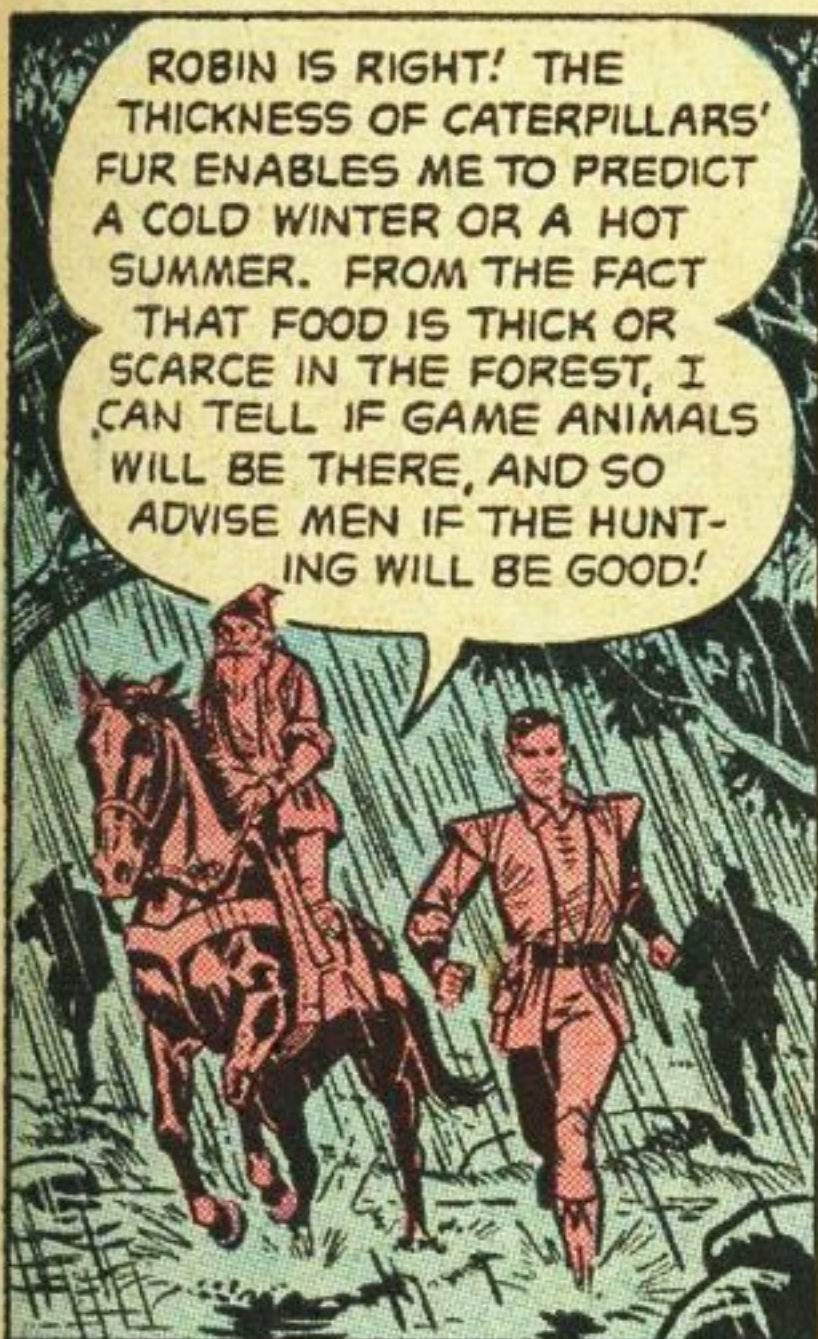
AND THEN, AS IF AT A SIGNAL, THE SKY DARKENS—
RAINDROPS BEGIN TO FALL!



ARE YOU AS MUCH A WIZARD AS OLD BERTRAM, ROBIN? HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WOULD RAIN?

THE SMOKE FROM THE COTTAGE FIRE TOLD ME, ADAM!

THAT SMOKE HUNG LOW, KEPT DOWN BY THE MOISTURE IN THE AIR. SO MUCH "MOISTURE" MEANS THERE IS RAIN COMING! I AM NO WIZARD. NEITHER IS OLD BERTRAM. HIS GIFT OF "SECOND SIGHT" IS DUE ONLY TO THE FACT THAT HE USES HIS EYES AND EARS!



ROBIN IS RIGHT! THE THICKNESS OF CATERPILLARS' FUR ENABLES ME TO PREDICT A COLD WINTER OR A HOT SUMMER. FROM THE FACT THAT FOOD IS THICK OR SCARCE IN THE FOREST, I CAN TELL IF GAME ANIMALS WILL BE THERE, AND SO ADVISE MEN IF THE HUNTING WILL BE GOOD!



MOST MEN NEVER SEE THESE THINGS, OR SEEING THEM, DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEM. ROBIN AND I SEE THESE THINGS AND KNOW THEIR MEANING. BUT WE AREN'T WIZARDS!

AYE! IF I WERE A WIZARD I'D FIND ANOTHER WAY OF HANDLING SIR GUI AND HIS KIND WITHOUT FISTS AND ARROWS!

IN THE FOREST LANES, SIR GUI COMES TO A RELUCTANT HALT...



THE RAIN IS HIS ALLY. TRULY, HE AND BERTRAM ARE NO ORDINARY MEN! THEIR TRAIL IS WASHED AWAY. ONCE AGAIN, HE HAS ELUDED ME!



SOME DAY, I WILL CATCH HIM! SOME DAY, SOME DAY...!

SECURE IN THEIR CAVE, THE MERRY MEN MAKE REVEL WITH OLD BERTRAM...



TELL ME, BERTRAM—WHEN YOU WERE A PRISONER, DID YOUR SECOND SIGHT FAIL YOU?

IT DID—UNTIL MY FIRST SIGHT OF ROBIN HOOD COMING TO RESCUE ME!

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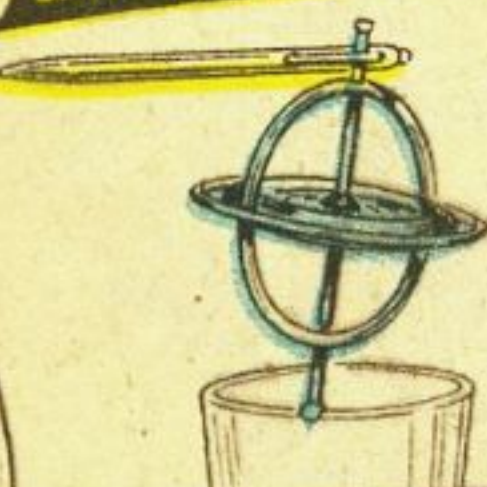
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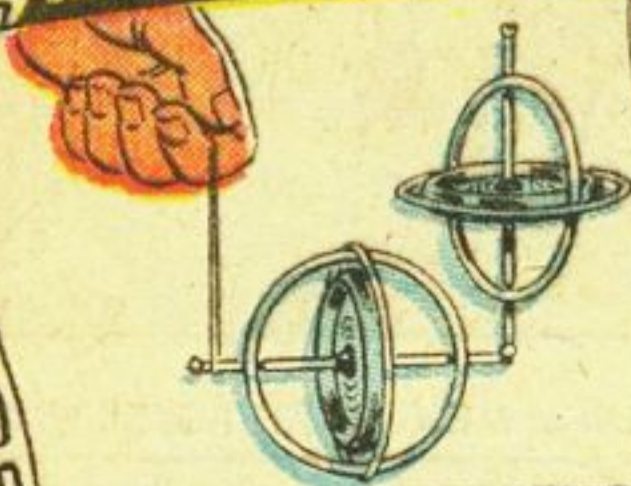
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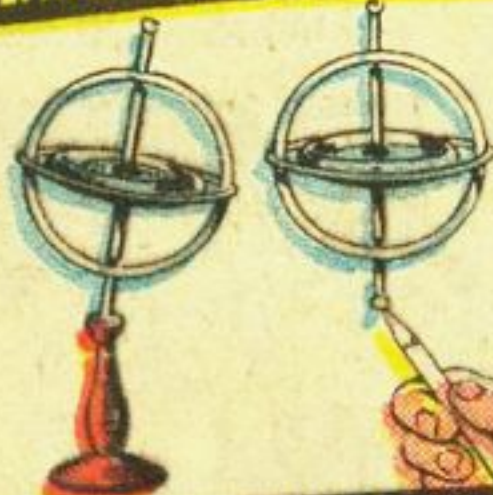
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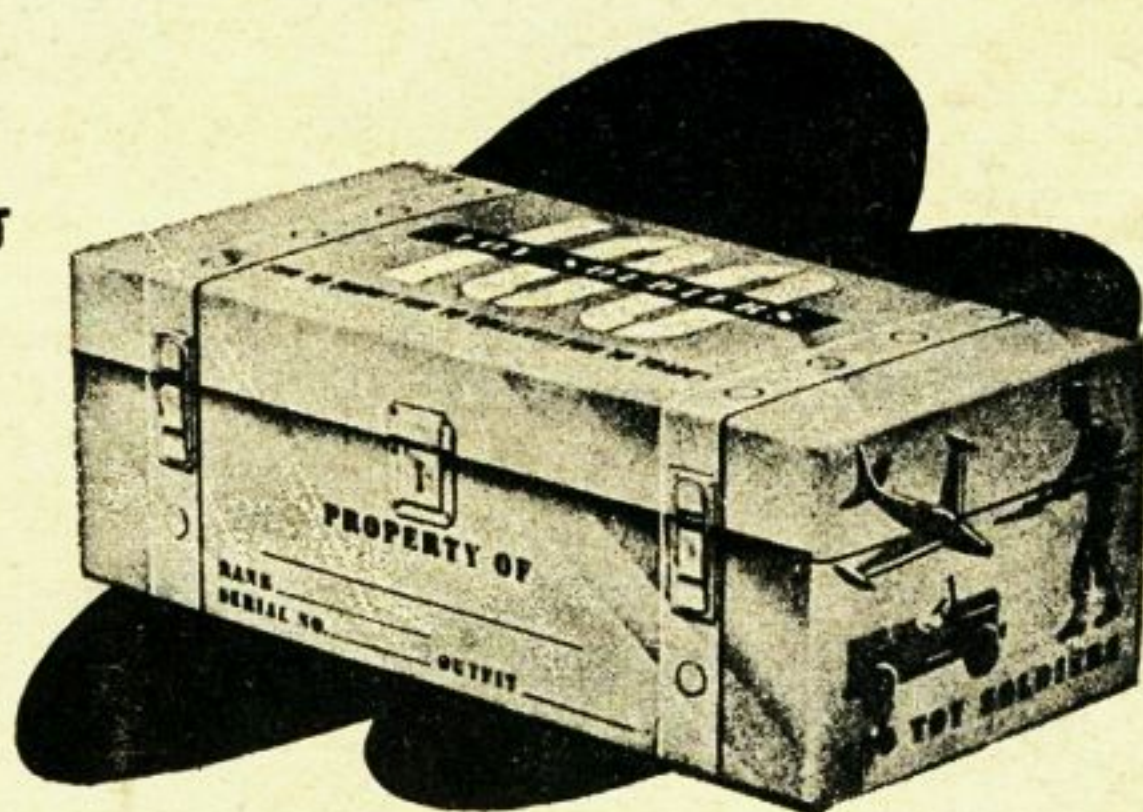
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